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THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1913. Vol. 44, No. 3

WM. WHITMER SONS BUY WASH. FURNACE TRACT

Well Known Lumber Operators Get Centre County Lands.

CONTAINS 15,000 ACRES

Valuable Water Power Rights in Fishing Creek Included in Tract Which Extends from Hecla Furnace into Clinton County.

One of the biggest real estate deals undertaken in Centre County in many years is now about being closed, whereby the William Whitmer & Sons Lumber Company takes over the immense Washington Furnace timber tract comprising 15,000 acres. The land runs from Hecla Furnace into Clinton County. The owners disposing of the same are the American Estates Association, with headquarters in New York.

The price named in the articles of sale are not disclosed. The negotiations looking to the transfer have been under way for some months. It is said that the William Whitmer & Sons Company contemplate extensive lumber operations on the tract that will take many years to complete.

It is believed that the new owners contemplate utilizing water power obtained from Fishing Creek, a stretch of several miles of this stream in the vicinity of Lamar being included in the big tract. Within the last few weeks a charter was granted at Harrisburg for the "Lamar Power Company." It may be that the securing of this charter is a part of the general plan of operations.

The Washington Furnace tract, together with numerous other tracts, was at one time owned by the late James McHenry, who died intestate. There were numerous heirs to the estate and likewise countless vexing complications. To simplify matters for disposing of parts of the estate the heirs organized what is known as the American Estates Company. The negotiations for the present transfer of the land in Centre County have been conducted with this company. The new owners have headquarters in the North American building, in Philadelphia.

NO SMALLPOX SCARE

Three Mild Cases in Bellefonte Already Well Under Control.

Illustrating the promptness with which any form of disease is nipped in the bud by co-operation between State and local health authorities, is the present instance of three mild cases of smallpox in Bellefonte and another just outside the borough limits. All four homes where the disease exists have been quarantined and the attending physicians believe that they have it checked. The several persons who are ill are recovering nicely and give every promise of being about in the near future. The three persons ill in Bellefonte are Gilbert W. Smith, Mrs. Harry Irvin and Morris Smith. The Barner home, near by the Jewish cemetery, is also under quarantine. The Kelley home at Axe Mann has been quarantined for chickenbox.

On Sunday, last, Dr. Hunt, of the State Health Department, visited Bellefonte and after looking into the situation said the few cases were well in hand and that there was no occasion for any alarm. He consulted with local health authorities and on Monday a Board of Health was organized with Dr. R. G. H. Hayes as president.

It was at first thought that the germs of the disease had been brought into Bellefonte on southern lumber, but now it is generally accepted that a young man who recently returned from New York state may have innocently carried the disease with him.

Some of the local physicians are inclined to doubt that the disease is smallpox, their belief being that it is more of the character of chickenpox.

However, in order that persons in Bellefonte might move about in safety and others visiting here socially or on business might not be in any danger from infection, it was deemed the part of wisdom to quarantine the few places where illness prevails.

To Give Recitals.

Miss Mary E. Glass, of Jersey Shore, will give a recital in the Fillmore Methodist Episcopal church on Thursday, January 23; at Waddle Methodist Episcopal church, on Friday January 24; at Stormstown Methodist Episcopal church on Saturday January 25, and at Scotia Methodist Episcopal church on Monday, January 27. Admission 15 and 20c. For benefit of church.

HIS NECK BROKEN BY FALL FROM R. R. TRESTLE

Ellsworth Miller Meets Death in Accident Saturday Night.

STUMBLED IN THE DARK

Unfortunate Man Was Returning Home When He Missed His Footing and Fell Head-foremost Onto Cross-bar Underneath Bridge.

While walking across the Pennsylvania Railroad trestle, which spans the creek just beyond Mallory's blacksmith shop, Ellsworth Miller on Saturday night missed his footing and fell headlong into the stream, breaking his neck and dying a few minutes later.

The accident happened about 9 o'clock. It is supposed that when he fell his head struck the cross bar underneath the trestle and that his neck was broken before his body touched the water. The deceased lived all his life nearby the Nittany furnace and had crossed the trestle hundreds of times while passing to and from his home.

Miller had been in town during the early part of the evening. Shortly before 9 o'clock he started for home, stopping along the way to get a few things at Irvin's grocery, nearby the Phoenix mill. There he met Mrs. George Flack, a neighbor, who was starting for her home, and generously volunteered to carry some of her packages. It was intensely dark at the railroad trestle. Mrs. Flack walked ahead, Mr. Miller being a few feet behind her. Mrs. Flack crossed the trestle in safety, Mr. Miller calling to her as she was stepping off the bridge and onto the cinder path: "Are you over all right?" Mr. Miller must have slipped and fallen before the question was out of his mouth, for Mrs. Flack says the next instant she heard a splash, as Mr. Miller's body struck the water. She screamed for help and Edward Brandon, who responded, quickly dragged Mr. Miller's body out of the water.

At first it was thought that he was unconscious from having been in the water. He was still breathing faintly and everything possible was done to revive him. A heavy gash on his chin and severe concussions of the face made it clear that his head had struck some obstruction before the body landed into the stream. Then it was discovered that the unfortunate man's neck had been broken by the force of the fall. He died a few minutes later and his body was carried to his home a short distance away. It is not more than four or five feet from the trestle to the water at the point where the accident happened. Mr. Miller had both arms filled with packages when he fell and this fact probably explains why he failed or was unable to throw out his hands to protect himself as he lurched headforemost between the railroad ties and the side of the bridge. It is said that some years ago his wife, while carrying an infant in her arms, fell off the bridge at about the same place and injured one of her legs.

Mr. Miller was about 46 years old. He leaves a widow and several children. Three brothers also survive: James, William and George.

Gunner Loses Arm.

After Charles Kulp had been in the Philipsburg hospital since December 24th, it was found necessary last Friday to amputate his left arm above the elbow The arm was wounded by a shot from a gun while Kulp was out in the woods. Every effort possible was made to save the arm, but without success. It is now believed Kulp will recover.

County Grange Meeting.

Centre County Pomona Grange No 13 will meet in Centre Hall, Pa., Thursday January 23rd. at 10 A. M. All members are cordially invited. The fifth degree will be conferred at 3 P. M.

D. M. CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

Eggs Mailed in Safety.

Last week Henry J. Murphy, of the Passmore House, at Philipsburgh, sent some eggs to a friend in Pittsburgh by parcels post. He received word a day or two later that the eggs had reached their destination in first-class shape, not a one having been broken.

Medical Society Officers.

At the annual meeting yesterday of the Centre County Medical Society, held in Bellefonte, Dr. J. V. Foster, of Centre Hall, was elected president. Dr. R. G. H. Hayes was re-elected secretary.

"First Aid" Hints Worth While.

How to do the right thing between the time an accident happens and the physician arrives on the scene was explained and illustrated in the simplest of terms in a "First Aid to the Injured." talk last Saturday morning to the employes of The Bell Telephone Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Bellefonte Electric Company. The men who were present to learn practical emergency methods were for the most part the ones who are daily "on the firing line" for these companies—the men who in their every-day work are constantly face to face with all kinds of danger. And the things they learned were well worth while. It was a two-hour talk filled with so many valuable pointers that every man in Bellefonte other than a physician would have profited had he been present.

Dr. Shields, a Red Cross field agent, was the lecturer. He is at present engaged in traveling about giving these practical talks to Bell Telephone and Western Union employes in many parts of the country. The plan is a part of the uplift and welfare work which the Bell Telephone system has inaugurated among its vast army of men. The big railroad companies are working along similar lines. In the last few years over 300,000 men have been given instruction on what to do and how to do it to relieve suffering and perhaps save life where fellow workmen meet with accidents. The Bell Telephone system aims to extend this relief, or "first aid" work as far as possible. "First Aid Boxes," containing bandages, etc., are furnished the employes. Just one of many fine features about the plan is that any employe of the Bell System is expected by the management to use his "First Aid Box" and render all assistance possible in times of accidents whether the person injured happens to be a fellow-employe or not.

Dr. Shields doesn't engage in pink tea language in his talks to the men. He doesn't confuse them with a lot of medical terms. He doesn't "talk over their heads." He talks in such a way that every man who hears him knows exactly what he means in all that he says.

The best "first aid" pointer to learn, said Dr. Shields, is to avoid carelessness and thereby prevent accidents. Statistics show, he added, that a large percentage of the accidents are due to carelessness on the part of old, experienced employes who take chances that "green" men would never think of taking. Moral: No matter how expert you may happen to be, concentrate your mind on what you are doing at the particular time you are doing it.

So much for precaution. Now as to accidents. If a person is seated in a room and faints, don't get excited. Fainting is caused by the blood leaving the brain. Spread the person's knees apart and bend the body forward until the head is between the knees. It will take but a few seconds until the blood returns to the brain.

Suppose a person cuts his arm below the elbow. Don't use a rope or wire and don't twist it so tightly about the arm that all circulation is stopped and complications created which may necessitate amputation. Dr. Shields explained a simpler, safer, surer method. Use a triangular-shaped bandage—a handkerchief will do—and inside the bandage wrap a small flat piece of stone or iron or wood, or even a pocket knife.

Place the bandage above the point of the cut and have the object wrapped inside come directly over the artery, even though the wound be on the opposite side of the arm from the artery. And the artery, it should be kept in mind, follows the inside of the arm just along about the seam of a man's coat sleeve. The bandage need only be twisted slightly because the direct point of pressure is on the artery. If the cut happens to be on the leg above the knee the artery may be reached from the inner side of the leg. If below the knee put the bandage about the knee with the small object wrapped inside placed between the two cords, which is the one spot where direct pressure may easily be brought to bear upon the artery.

Turning to another subject, Dr. Shields discussed briefly blood poisoning resulting from stepping onto nails. It is the common belief, he said, that a rusty nail is far more dangerous than a bright new nail. He surprised all present by bluntly saying that iron rust is not poisonous. Particles of clothing, stocking or dirt carried into the wound, and not the rust on the nail, cause blood poisoning. Our shoes, he pointed out, are never washed and of course accumulate more or less dirt. When the nail is withdrawn from the foot the opening to the wound closes, and if any particles of dirt remain inside there is danger from blood poisoning. Dr. Shields, pointing out how care is exercised to guard against particles of unclean clothing being carried into the wounds of soldiers and sailors in times of modern warfare, said that a rigidly enforced rule in the recent Russian-Japanese war required every Jap sailor on the eve of battle to bathe and put on clean underwear and stockings. If you happen to step onto a nail you will get to the nearest doctor as quickly as possible and have him clean out the wound; that is, if you follow the advice of Dr. Shields.

Frequently, said Dr. Shields, simple fractures of the arms or legs lead to serious cases and in some instances amputation becomes necessary. He attributed the cause to bungling "first aid" treatment. He cited the case of a bridge worker in New York who fell from a hand car while returning home for supper. The man was found lying on the ground some distance from the accident. He was lifted to his feet by several companions who had not taken the trouble to find out that his leg was fractured above the knee. When they lifted him to his feet the weight of his body forced the broken bone through the flesh. Later it was found necessary to amputate the leg near the hip. Had the man's companions first found out that the leg was broken and then fixed up an emergency splint to support it the man could have easily been carried to a physician's office and there been properly cared for. Dr. Shields then called one man out of the audience and using him as a model showed all present how to prepare an emergency splint with an ordinary piece of flooring and a few bandages or handkerchiefs. He also illustrated, with three other men following his instructions, how a man with a fractured leg may be picked up and carried with the least possible discomfort to him.

Suppose several men are at work some distance from town and one of the group is so seriously injured that a stretcher is necessary in moving him. Dr. Shields showed how to make such a stretcher. It was so simple that every fellow present wondered why he had not thought of it before. Two ordinary common shovel handles, two pitchfork handles, or any two long poles or sticks will do the trick. Two men were called forward and each told to put on and button a common coat or workman's jacket. Next one of the men was told to grasp the ends of the two poles and bend forward. Dr. Shields then reached out and seizing the man's jacket at the lower part of the back, easily pulled it over his head. The sleeves of the jacket, now inside the buttoned garment in this manner slip onto the poles. The same thing is done with the second coat. The two coats form a firm bed for the patient. A small board placed crosswise over the poles will serve as a head-rest.

The foregoing and other equally interesting and practical pointers were related by Dr. Shields. That his suggestions had made a deep impression on all present was indicated by the comment of a Bell Telephone lineman, who remarked:

"Say, that's the kind of dope every fellow ought to have handed him. That's good stuff for any fellow to know."

Lost His Auto Lamp.

George A. Beezer, the automobile dealer, lost his automobile lamp while driving through Lock Haven on Monday night. The police detained him, but he demonstrated his ability to convince them that he had lost the lamp and was not aware of this until called to account for violating the laws. The police allowed him to depart. Several hours later the missing lamp was found, turned over to the police and by them returned to Mr. Beezer.

Osceola Man Weds.

Michael Buckley, of Osceola, and Miss Agnes Stephens, of Hawk Run, were married last week by Rev. E. J. Fisher, of Morrisdale. Their friends extend hearty congratulations.

Married at Boalsburg.

On January 8th at the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg, Frank Homan, of State College, and Miss May Meyers, of Pine Grove Mills, were united in marriage by Rev. S. C. Stover. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Grover Corl. After the ceremony they were given a reception and dinner at the home of the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. George Homan. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Fred Meyers, of Pine Grove Mills. Both parties belong to old and respected families, and are well known in this community. About April 1st they will go to farming in the Homan homestead, at White Hall.

HERMAN HOLZ DEAD; VETERAN IN BUSINESS

Well Known Merchant Passed Away Monday Night.

END CAME SUDDENLY

Expired at Home of Daughter With Whom He Was Visiting—Had Been in Failing Health for Some Time—Funeral Services 2.30 Today.

Herman Holz, for 35 years or more a resident of Bellefonte and during all that period actively identified with local business affairs and a member of the well known firm of Joseph & Company, died rather suddenly in New York on Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock. While he had been in failing health for some months, his death was unexpected for he had been feeling somewhat stronger since going to New York on Monday of last week. Up to a few minutes before he died he seemed to be entirely comfortable and resting easily. Suddenly the end came, due to heart failure. His decline in health was attributed to hardening of the arteries. His death occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Louis Friedman, whose husband is a well known New York physician.

The remains were removed to Bellefonte last night and were taken to the late home of the deceased, in Allegheny Street. Funeral services will be held from the home this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rabbi Adles, of Altoona. Interment will be made in the Jewish cemetery.

Most persons in town knew that Mr. Holz had not been enjoying any too rugged health, but there were few who were not surprised on learning of his sudden passing away. He was so genial, he was so well and favorably known, that the news of his death was received with expressions of genuine regret by a host of friends. Mr. Holz was born about 63 years ago in Brucksal, Germany. Like many other ambitious young men he drifted to America and in the course of time located in Bellefonte. On April 4, 1875, he was married to Miss Amalie Joseph, a sister of Seigmund and the late Emil Joseph. These two brothers were engaged in business in Bellefonte under the firm name of E. Joseph & Bro. Mr. Holz was made a member of the firm and the name was changed to Joseph Bros. & Co. This partnership continued unbroken until the death of Emil Joseph, and in January, 1911, the name was changed to Joseph & Company. The business will be continued as usual.

Mr. Holz was a man endowed with the qualities which serve to make the successful merchant. He possessed a remarkable faculty to recall faces and names. He was known personally to virtually everybody in Centre County. He delighted in moving about in the big Joseph store, greeting patrons and seeing to it that each one received prompt and courteous attention. Modest in his tastes, unassuming and ever-obliging he not only won but retained to the end a position high in the confidence and esteem of those who knew him best. He was a member of the Knights of Golden Eagles.

Surviving the deceased are his widow, one son, Harry J. Holz, of Bellefonte, and one daughter, Mrs. Louis Friedman, of New York. One brother and one sister also survive, Louis Holz and Mrs. David Meier. They reside in Paris, France.

Centre County Asso. of Phila.

The officers and Board of Directors held a meeting at the office of Dr. Roland G. Curtin, 22 South 18th Street, on last Friday night, January 10, and decided to hold the next annual midwinter banquet at the Continental Hotel, on Saturday evening, February 1, 1913.

All Center countians residing in and about Philadelphia are cordially invited to attend and earnestly requested to send their names to the Secretary at once.

Dr. Roland G. Curtin, President; Ira D. Garman, Vice President; John C. C. Beale, Secretary, 41 South 15th St., Philadelphia; S. Gray Mattern, Treasurer.

Postoffice Contest Starts.

The term of John Gowland as postmaster at Philipsburg expired on Saturday, last, and several aspirants are in the field for the position. Mr. Gowland has hopes of being reappointed. Meanwhile he will continue to serve until his successor shall be named. If the vacancy is not filled before March 4th the appointment will go to some Democrat.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

LICENSE CASES ARE ARGUED BEFORE COURT

Judge Orvis Hears Protests Against Liquor in Philipsburg.

DECISION IS RESERVED

Remonstrators Did Not Allege Violations of Law—Contended Licenses Unnecessary in Conducting Hotels at That Place.

Argument Court convened on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock and after hearing a number of motions and petitions the remonstrances against the several hotels, brewery and wholesale places in the town of Philipsburg were taken up for argument. Every licensed place in Philipsburg has been remonstrated against on general principles, that is to say, that licenses were not necessary for the accommodation of the public and for the entertainment of strangers and travelers. No specific charges were brought against any of the licenses except the general one that licenses were not necessary.

The hotels affected are Grebe Brothers and Crago, of the Sheffer House; Samuel Rogers, of the Coal Exchange. W. J. Rapsey, of the Continental; Harry Washburn, of the St. James; O'Bryan and Bowser, of the Farmers Hotel; Albert Fasshauer, of the Passmore; Jesse R. Clifford, of the Potter; William H. Hindle, of the Central, and Frank McClure of the Ramsdale. Also the following wholesale: James Black, Orin Vail, George Parks and the Philipsburg Brewing Company.

The remonstrators were represented by R. H. Gilbert, Jr., of Tyrone, Pa., while the different licensees were represented by N. B. Spangler, Gettig, Bower & Zerby, H. S. Taylor and George W. Zeigler. During the argument Counsel for the remonstrators admitted that the remonstrance could not affect the Philipsburg Brewing Company. The matter was fully argued pro and con by the several attorneys connected with the cases for and against the licenses. The remonstrators contended that a license was not necessary in Philipsburg or that there were too many licenses in the town. The different Counsel representing the several applicants argued for their respective clients, showing the large number of people entertained by the different hotels, that the places were necessary for the accommodation of the public and entertainment of strangers and travelers, and that the interpretation placed upon the Act of Assembly by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania placed the matter of the granting of a license to these places in the sound judicial discretion of the Court.

The argument lasted all day and the Court took the depositions for and against the licenses and will pass upon the applications later.

Court reconvened on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock and after hearing some motions and petitions adjourned on account of the illness of Judge Orvis.

DEAL NOT CLOSED

Bellefonte Electric Refers Proposition to Sell to Sub-Committee.

The proposition made by A. W. Lee, of Clearfield, and others for the purchase of the Bellefonte Electric Company was not formally accepted at last Friday's meeting of stockholders of the latter company. The matter was referred to a sub-committee for further consultation with Mr. Lee. The sub-committee consists of Thomas A. Shoemaker, John Blanchard and John McCoy.

No definite date has been fixed for the meeting with Mr. Lee. The sub-committee was instructed to confer with him on a date convenient to both. The details of the proposition considered by the stockholders were not disclosed.

The Clearfield syndicate which is endeavoring to purchase the Bellefonte Electric Co., owns the Nittany Light, Heat & Power Co., at State College; the Snow Shoe Electric Co., and also charters and franchises for plants at Milesburg, Unionville, Howard and one or more other nearby towns. Application has been filed for a charter to merge all these companies into a parent company to be known as the State-Centre Electric Co.

Will Address Editors.

Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of The Pennsylvania State College, will be one of the speakers at the annual banquet of the State Editorial Association, to be held in Harrisburg on January 28th.

CHILD A MIND READER

Ten Years Old Beulah Miller Said to Possess Strange Mental Powers.

The town of Warren, near Providence, Rhode Island apparently has a youthful phenomenon in the person of Beulah Miller, 10 years old, says a despatch to the New York Sun. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David F. Miller. Within the last two years she is said to have developed powers that any stage telepathist could use to advantage.

Some of her reported feats in mind reading are almost uncanny, relatives say. For instance, she astonished the Rev. H. W. Watjen, minister of the church that she attends, by telling him what he had in his pockets one day when he came to visit her. On the way to the house Mr. Watjen had bought a jar of honey to take home with him. Naturally it was something that he seldom has in his pocket.

When he met Beulah he asked her several questions, then laughingly remarked that she couldn't guess what he had in his pocket. The little girl smiled, pursed her lips and then began to think. In a few seconds she began to spell.

"H-o-n" she began, pausing between each letter. "Oh, I know," she exclaimed, her eyes twinkling, "It's honey."

Whereupon Mr. Watjen promised Beulah that she should have all the honey she wanted.

Then there came in the house one day Dr. Henry W. Hopkins. He recently had bought an automobile and had attached his license number that morning. Dr. Hopkins had heard of Beulah's remarkable gift, so in the course of his visit he asked if she could tell the number on his machine which he had left in his garage.

Beulah never had seen the automobile, nor did she know anything about the number. She gave the figures correctly, however, on the first attempt.

Her father also has told of an experience with his daughter's mind reading power. Mr. Miller arrived home one evening after receiving a considerable sum of money for work that he had done as a contractor. Mrs. Miller at dinner asked if he had some money for her.

"No," he said with a smile, "I haven't a cent on me."

Beulah watched her father for a minute and then said:

"Why, yes, you have papa."

"Tell him how much it is," said Mrs. Miller immediately, and Beulah, after some thought, gave the amount in each pocket.

In card games and tricks the little girl also shines, say her relatives. Long ago her sister and the children with whom she chums gave up trying to beat her at Old Maid and similar games. Beulah seldom had to think more than a minute before she was able to tell who had the Old Maid.

The power with which Beulah is said to possess came to light in the course of a card game at her home. That was two years ago. The players were her sister and several children who live nearby. All of them were trying to do simple card guessing tricks. Beulah failed but once, and of course her sister told her mother about it.

"I didn't pay an attention," said Mrs. Miller, "because I've never believed in such things as mind reading and spiritualism. But the children were all so full of talk about Beulah that I tried her out myself. Since then I haven't had any doubt about her gift."

Recently two visitors and Mrs. Miller had Beulah meet several tests. In each the girl was successful.

First there was a request to tell the number of keys in one of the visitor's vest pocket. She thought a few seconds and then said that there were two keys. That was correct.

Guessing dates on coins is Beulah's strong suit. The interviewer took a dime from his pocket, showed the date to his companion and then asked Beulah to give it to him. She sat silently for a minute, her lips moving as if she were counting.

"One-nine-naught," she said very slowly. There followed a slight pause and her mother urged her to hurry.

"One-nine-naught," she repeated. Then she said quickly: "One-nine-naught 1900."

She was right and got the coin. On a second try she was equally successful.

On guessing numbers written down she was equally adept. The interviewer wrote 783 on his pad and showed the figures to Mrs. Miller. Then the latter asked Beulah to tell what had been written.

The little girl was silent a moment.

"Will you put the pad on the table so that I could touch it?" she asked.

"Sometimes she can get the number easier if she can touch what it is written on," explained her mother.

The pad, a thick one, was placed on the table upside down. Beulah had no opportunity of seeing the figures that had been put on it, but she touched the back of the pad lightly once and straightway called 783.

"Why, that's wrong," said Mrs. Miller, who had mistaken the 3 for a cipher. Beulah's sister was also of a similar opinion, but Beulah and the interviewer knew that she was right.

Beulah is also practiced in telling what time it is by the clock, even after somebody sets the hands either backward or forward. She rarely fails in this feat.

Beulah is an attractive and rather bashful girl. She went to school when she was 3 years old, so that she is well along for one of her age. Her mother says that she has always been "quick to learn," though sickness often has kept her out of school.

Mrs. Miller said that no one to her knowledge, either on her own or Mr. Miller's side of the family, ever possessed any ability to read minds.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

J. M. Kryder, et al, to H. W. Kryder, 2 tracts in Gregg township; $50.

Mary Barrett, et al, to Peter Kaspik, tract in Rush township; $375.

J. Spigelmyer, et ux, to Jonathan Harter, track in Penn township; $225.

Susan C. Geary, to Jonathan Harter, tract in Penn township; $635.

Sadie L. Emerick, to S. K. Emerick, tract in Unionville; $1125.

E. J. Markle, to J. W. Lee, premises in Hublersburg; $700.

Frank C. Kohlbecker, et al, to Penna. R. R. Co. strip of land in Boggs township, $150.

Willard S. Fisher, et ux, to Penna R. R. Co strips of land in Union township; $150.

Samuel Spangler, et ux, to James Herlacher, lot in Eagleville; $60.

Margaret Hewitt, et bar, to Anna L. Krumrine, lot in State College; $500.

John W. Bruss, et ux, to Carrie Green, premises in Huston township; $900.

Elizabeth M. Wagner, to Louisa V. Wagner lot in Philipsburg; $1.

John Wagner, et ux, to Elizabeth M. Wagner, lot in Philipsburg; $1.

John L. Holmes, et al, to Henry M. Corl, tract in Ferguson township; $175.

George A. Confer, to Penna R. R. Co. strip of land in Howard township; $2000.

Maria S. Eisenhauer, et bar, to Penna. R. R. Co. strip of land in Boggs township; $250.

Charles F. Harrison, to Maude Harrison, premises in State College; $5500.

Elsie H. Noll, et bar, to Dwight Stover, premises in Marion township; $1.

Jennie R. Andrews, et al, to Edward G. Jones, premises in Philipsburg; $1.

Adam Stover, et al, Admrs., to John Homan, premises in Ferguson township; $12000.

John I. Thompson, Jr. et al, to John M. Homan, premises in Ferguson Township; $60.85.

Emma Mitterling, et bar, to Edward Gill, premises Spring township; $1.

Robert B. Larrimer Dead.

Robert B. Larrimer, died at the home of Mrs. Thomas McPherson, of Montgemery, Clearfield County, early last Friday morning of tuberculosis of the lungs, aged 60 years. He had been in feeble health for several months.

Deceased was born near Bellefonte. He learned the printers trade in the Bellefonte newspaper offices. In the early seventies he worked in the Clearfield Republican office and aftewards engaged in the cigar business in Brookville. He returned to Bellefonte after a year or two and again worked in the newspaper offices of this place. He was married to Miss Rilla McPherson of Clearfield in the early eighties. They moved to Clearfield a few years later, and resided there ever since. Mrs. Larrimer died a few months ago. They had no children. He was a genial industrious, upright citizen, was popular with all who knew him. He is survived by several brothers and sisters.

Jacob Rayhorn Dead.

Jacob Rayhorn died on Thursday of last week at the home of his brother-in-law, Alex. K. Womer. His death was the result of grip. The deceased, was aged about 53 years, and was born at Kylertown. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rayhorn. He had resided in Philipsburg about seven years. Surviving are these sisters and one brother, Mrs. Mary Brady, of Freeport, Ill.; Miss Margaret and Mrs. B. K. Womer, Philipsburg; Miss Annie, who recently went to Freeport, Ill., and John, of Altoona.

Mrs. Annie M. Shoop Dead.

Mrs. Annie M. Shoop, widow of Mathias J. Shoop, died at her home in Yeagertown on Monday of last week from a complication of diseases. Deceased's maiden name was Grassmyer and she was born at Snow Shoe Intersection, Centre county, and was aged about 47 years. She is survived by one son. Harry F. Shoop, of Lewistown, and a daughter Mrs. William Vaughn, of Philadelphia; two sisters, Mrs. Fannie Wertz and Mrs. Dora Thomas reside in Altoona.

Mrs. W. G. Fisher Dead

Mrs. W. G. Fisher, of Pittsburgh, died following an operation on December 28th, in the West Penn Hospital, in that city. The operation was thought to have been successful and it was believed she was on the road to recovery when she suffered a relapse and failed to rally. Interment was made at Tyrone. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. E. C. Beezer, of Philipsburg.

Battles and Rain.

That rain followed many of the battles of our war was due not to the effect of the discharge of firearms, but to the fact that in the regions where the battles occurred rain falls on an average one day out of three and that commanders are more inclined to move armies and begin engagements in fair weather. In fact, while rain is in progress such operations are commonly impracticable on account of the condition of the roads. If by the regular operations of nature rain does not fall within two or three days after a battle it is due to the fact that a drought prevails. The idea of rain following battles is expressed in the writings of Plutarch, who states his opinion that the vapor rising from the hot breath, blood and sweat of the struggling masses is condensed into rain by the concussion of the weapons and the hoarse cries of the victors. In a form little less crude the belief that rain is caused by battles has survived to the present day, but it is absolutely unfounded.—Willis L. Moore.

Women Sweep the Streets.

There are many systems of street cleaning, but probably that of the French government of Porto Novo, Dahomey, West Africa, is the most economical. The native police examine the streets, and at any part which requires cleaning they stop the women and girls who happen to be passing at the time and order them to sweep the rubbish into heaps. A woman may be seen hurrying along, water jar on head, child strapped on back and perhaps on urgent business, when the native policeman hands her a brush, made from a palm tree leaf, and orders her to do her share of sweeping. This she does reluctantly, knowing how useless it is to refuse. Occasionally the native refuses to do this enforced labor, but in the end the sweeping is done, for the police possess unique powers. The men are exempt from this unpaid work, as, naturally, it would interfere and retard the trade of the colony.

Marie Antoinette's Prison Fare.

An interesting document has been published—the bill of the caterers who supplied Marie Antoinette's needs in prison. They boarded her, it seems, for seventy-four days at 15 francs a day, giving her for that sum coffee for breakfast and for dinner soup, boiled beef, fowl and dessert or, as an occasional alternative, duck and pastry. For forty-one days she had her maid with her, and the maid was boarded for 3 francs a day. Beds, mattresses and bed linen had to be hired, and the charge for these was 54 francs, while the hire of a bath amounted to no less than 60 francs. The washing bill, however, was only 22 francs, and the loan of books, at 1 franc a book, came to not more than 16 francs. The principal other item was 3 francs for a bottle of dentifrice, and the total of the bill, which the nation had to pay was 1,467 francs—a little over £56.

Soup Extraordinary.

Mrs. Mayfield was interviewing an applicant for the position of cook. "Can you make all kinds of sweets, entrees and soups?" she asked. "Oh yes, mum!" said the applicant. "Do you make good mock turtle soup?" "Oh, yes, mum!" Experience had made Mrs. Mayfield a little distrustful. "Tell me how you would set about it," she said. "Well, of course, mum, like anybody else would." "But how would you make it?" persisted the lady. "Why, mum," said the cook, making a bold guess, "my way is to make a good strong soup first with anything I 'appen to have, then while it is on the boil I throw the young mock turtles in, mum!"—London Express.

Why He Laughed.

A south side woman sent her small son with a note to his father, asking him to purchase some groceries and send them home in the little fellow's wagon.

"I could not find papa, so I gave the note to the groceryman," announced Herold indignantly, "and he just laughed and laughed." This is what the note said:

"Dearest—Please put some sugar and rice in Herold's wagon. Tootsie."—Kansas City Star.

Baboons That Like Oysters.

The liking for oysters is not confined to man alone. F. W. Fitzsimmons in a recently published book says that he found in South Africa baboons that were fond of, in fact, all kinds of shellfish. Troops of the baboons often make excursions to the seaside, he says, to get these salty delicacies. They open the shells with their strong teeth or by striking them on a rock.

An Expert Statement.

"Is there any sure way of knowing when a man is meaning to propose?" asked the bud.

"You needn't worry about that," said the belle. "The knowledge comes by nature. The most important thing is to know when he isn't going to."

Heartless.

"Your father is heartless! I told him I couldn't live without you."

"And what did he say?"

"He offered to pay my funeral expenses!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Automatically Attentive.

"Listen to your wife," advises a medical expert. The average man doesn't have to listen. He hears her anyhow.—Nashville Banner.

On and Off.

"What a lot of style the Browns ar putting on!"

"Yes, and what a lot of creditors they are putting off!"

LETTER TO EMPLOYES

Telephone Company Official Says Interests are Mutual.

Calling attention to the recently adopted plan of benefits due to accidents or sickness, of insurance and pensions, Theodore N. Vail, an official of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Western Electric Company and the Bell Telephone System, has addressed the following letter to the employes of these concerns:

"Nearly 200,000 men and women who are now giving their best years to the telephone and telegraph service of the country, will henceforth be assured of assistance in the exigencies of life, for which all are not able to provide, and will also be assured of a provision for their declining years.

"It is but natural that every employee should desire to assume the normal responsibilities of life and to surround himself and those dependent upon him with the things that make life complete and enjoyable. Unforeseen happenings may make these responsibilities heavy burdens, and whatever may be put aside for the day of misfortune, must in the beginning be small and accumulated slowly. A realization that obligations must be met in times of misfortune, as well as in times of prosperity, has made the need of something beside merely an old age pension appear absolutely vital.

"Employers buy and employees sell service. Perfect service is only to be found when fidelity and loyalty are reciprocal in employer and employee. It is this relationship that brings satisfaction and success to both.

"The intent and purpose of the employer in establishing a plan of benefits, is to give tangible expression to the reciprocity which means faithful and loyal service on the part of the employee, with protection from all the ordinary misfortunes to which he is liable; reciprocity which means mutual regard for one-another's interest and welfare.

"This is justice, and without justice and sympathetic interest, we cannot hope to do a thoroughly good piece of work.

"The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which centralizes the Associated Companies into one system, with one policy for universal service, has considered the interests of all workers and has made a comprehensive plan possible. It is the administrative clearing house and the underwriter of the necessary reserve fund, upon which a general plan must depend.

"One illustrative instance of the exercise of these functions has been the unifying of the various interests so that any employee may aspire to work anywhere in the country with uninterrupted benefits, and any company can obtain any man it needs, without prejudice to his welfare.

"In behalf of the management of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Western Union Telegraph and the Western Electric Companies, let me say that we have a personal interest in our public service, a practical interest in our employees and a personal interest in our common country. It is our hope that what we have already accomplished has helped the men and women of the Bell system to become happier and better American citizens, and it is our New Year's wish that what has been planned for the future will contribute to their constantly increasing happiness and betterment.

THEO. N. VAIL.

Mrs. Susan Kinch Dead.

Mrs. Susan Kinch died at her late home in Tyrone last Friday from apoplexy. The was a daughter of the late John and Eliza Kinch and was born in Warrior'sMark valley March 20, 1847. She had been a resident of Tyrone for many years. Deceased is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Frances Kinch Wilson, at home, and one brother, G. W. Kinch of Altoona, and one sister, Mrs. Mary E. Bulick, of Minnesota.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It relieves tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, and makes walking easy. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Over 30,000 testimonials. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week ending January 11th, 1913: Mrs. John M. Bailey, V. H. Huff, Mrs. Annie Murik, Rueben Peters, William Rickert, Mrs. Thomas Shope, Miss Bessie Wayne, Hawthorn C. Wallace. Persons calling for these letters will kindly explain to the postmaster that the same have been advertised in "The Republican."

Wanted.

Young man or lady with influence, to represent established Florst, in Bellefonte, and State College. Apply by better, "Florst" care this paper. Advt—

HOT REPLY TO CORNELL

Coach Hollenback Resents Criticism of Penn State Eleven.

Coach "Bill" Hollenback has issued a statement warmly resenting repeated charges from Cornell that the Penn State football eleven resorted to "rough-house" methods in defeating Cornell last fall. Several weeks ago Cornell dropped Penn State from its football schedule and by way of explanation Penn State was charged with "muckerism." Resenting the charges, Coach Hollenback said:

"We beat Cornell by a score of 29 to 6, and it can be found in all score books, and what hurts Cornell is that it can be found there a hundred years from now. We were too busy rolling up a score to rough up things.

"I don't know of a better football official than Jim Cooney, of Princeton. Surely he knows the game, having been a Princeton regular, a star in fact. The same holds good for both Evans and Gillenner. They are competent men as football officials. Now here is the chief thing: Cornell picked all of the officials. Having picked the men without any consultation with us, is it fair of them to claim that because these men permitted rough play Cornell was beaten and we were guilty of rough tactics?

"When the game was over I took the precaution to have Evans of Williams, an official they chose, sign a statement regarding the game. That statement is in the possession of R. M. Smith, the business graduate manager of the State College at the present time. It will be used not only to protect the fair name of State College, but for the officials themselves."

L. S. Reeves, sporting editor of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," made the following comment on the Cornell charges:

"In justice to State College it may be stated that at no time since teams representing that institution have been playing annually on Franklin Field could the least objection be raised against the fairness and gentlemanlyness of their play. Football is a hard game, and State plays it with a vigor that has made her remarkably successful. But absolutely nothing approaching the tactics alleged to have been employed at Ithaca were ever seen in this city by State football teams. Everything considered, State's play on Franklin Field always has been a model of propriety and ideal sportsmanship."

Chinese Woman Executed

Death as a punishment for opium smoking, was meted out to a woman of Shanghai, China, who persisted in the use of the drug despite the stringent manifesto issued by the government on Christmas Day, prohibiting the people from indulging in the habit.

By order of the Governor of the province the woman was taken to a public place and executed by shooting last Friday in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

The manifesto issued by the Chinese government expressed the desire for the suppression of the evil in order to save the people from a life of degradation but at the same time voiced the fear that although the government was in earnest the people would try to evade the law.

The probable collapse of the opium trade was foreshadowed some time ago when it was found that Indian opium to the value of $60,000,000 was stacked in thousands of chests in Shanghai and Hong Kong warehouses without finding buyers. After the manifesto was issued by the government it was virtually impossible to buy or sell opium in the cost provinces or the Yangtse provinces, and it was known that the authorities has been ordered from Pekin to enforce the prohibitory laws. This execution, however, is the first instance in which they have been put into full effect.

Your Opportunity and Ours.

Ours is the only magazine covering exclusively the great events of Outdoor Life; the higher class narratives of adventure, travel and achievement in the open; also hunting, fishing and all sports. It is superbly printed and illustrated. We require the services of one man in each county to handle subscription agents. Generous inducements to workers. Write us NOW for sample copy and full details. Address OUTDOOR WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Box 732, New York City.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

I Will Prove It To You At My Expense.

YOU WHO ARE SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF ECZEMA, WHOSE DAYS ARE MISERABLE, WHOSE NIGHTS ARE MADE SLEEPLESS BY THE TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING PAINS, LET ME SEND YOU A FREE TRIAL OF THE TREATMENT WHICH HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHICH I BELIEVE WILL CURE YOU. I WILL SEND IT FREE, POSTAGE PAID, WITHOUT ANY OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART. JUST WRITE ME A LETTER, OR SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD. I WILL SEND THE TREATMENT FREE OF COST TO YOU.

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Renewing Poor Soil.

Most farmers are now interested in making up poor run down soils. The principal reason for soil being in this condition is that they have been cropped continuously for a number of years with little or no attention given to the supply humus and lime. When humus and lime are exhausted the soil is usually sour, it packs hard, water and air cannot circulate through it, and the bacteria which is the life of the soil cannot live and the soil is simply dead. There is no reason why these soils cannot be restored to their original productiveness and in many cases made more productive than before, by supplying the necessary elements—Lime and Humus—with drainage where necessary. The best source of humus is the legumes, clover, vetch, beans, etc. Sweet clover—melilotus—is giving excellent results; it is an annual which will reseed itself, and will grow in soil too poor in humus for other crops. Its principal need is an abundance of lime; it is found growing luxuriently about limestone quarries where there is very little soil mixed with the limestone dust and screenings.

Heretofore good seed has been scarce and hard to get, but, now the better class of seedsmen are furnishing high grade seed at reasonable prices. In Kentucky where corn and tobacco had been grown until the soil was completely worked out, farmers are working wonders with sweet clover and lime, as a soil restorer there is nothing better; after it has seeded it will reseed itself year after year; when plowed down after several years growth it will be found that the soil is practically renewed and ready to grow good crops.

Sweet clover seems to have the same bacteria as that found on alfalfa roots and where the clover has been successfully grown. Alfalfa is usually a success without inoculation. Sweet clover can be sown very much the same as red clover, in February or with the spring grains or at the last working of corn.

The main points are good seed and plenty of good lime.

Mrs Calvin Moore Dead.

Mrs. Calvin Moore died last Friday morning at 2 o'clock at her home in East Salona, aged 58 years. She is survived by her husband and six sons and two daughters, all children of a previous marriage, as follows: Miles Courter, Belle Ulaine, Iowa; George W., D. K. and Austin Courter, of Knoxville, Ill.; Clayton, of Parvin; and Edward, of Lycoming county; Mrs. Eugene E. Heckman, of Mackeyville, and Miss Stella Courter, of Williamsport. Mrs. Moore's death is supposed to have been caused by cancer of the liver, from which she had suffered for quite a long time.

$35 for Conscience.

Thirty-five dollars in cash was added to the State funds as conscience money. The cash came in an envelope to the Auditor General's Department with no name signed. The writer stated that it was tax which should have been paid to the State.

Osceola's New Postmaster.

Congressman Patton has recommended the appointment of J. J. Coffey to be postmaster at Osceola.

Why Salves Can't Cure Eczema

Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves have been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the inner skin below the epidermis where the eczema germs are lodged.

This—the quality of penetrating—probably explains the tremendous success of the well known liquid eczema remedy, oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerine, etc., as compounded in D.D.D. Prescription.

We have sold other remedies for skin troubles but none that we can recommend as highly as this for we know that D.D.D. stops the itch at once. We just want you to give D.D.D. a trial. That will be enough to prove it.

Of course all other druggists have D.D.D. Prescription—go to them if you can't come to us—but don't accept some big profit substitute.

But if you come to our store, we are so certain of what D.D.D. will do for you that we offer you a full size bottle on this guarantee:—If you do not find that it takes away the itch AT ONCE, it costs you not a cent.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

A Gift on the Field of Battle

A Story of the Balkan War

By F. A. MITCHEL

One of those bloody battles between the allied Balkan forces and the Turks near Adrianople, had been fought, and the latter had been defeated, but not without terrible cost to their enemies. From the field arose the mingled cries of Turks and Balkans, the former appealing to Allah to send them succor, the latter to the Christian's God.

Two wounded Montenegrin soldiers lay side by side. One of them, whose leg had been shattered by a rifle ball, sat up and, pulling a little flask from his pocket, was about to take the single drink it contained when he saw the other, who seemed to be wounded unto death, looking at it longingly. A struggle arose within the man who possessed it. He would soon likely be carried off the field to recover from his wound, while the other gave evidence of being in a dying condition.

Both men craved the single dram that remained in the flask. To either it was more than untold wealth. But the possessor of the treasure could not withstand the look on the face of the other. Slowly, reluctantly, longingly, he reached out his hand and held it to his companion's lips, who drank it down greedily.

The latter closed his eyes for a few moments, then, seeming to gather strength, there came a regret that he should have been so weak as to accept a gift of what a fellow soldier needed for himself.

"Pardon," he said faintly, "the temptation was too strong for me; I couldn't resist it."

"You needed it far more than I. I will recover without it. It may be the means of saving your life."

"I would that I might live to reward you for your sacrifice, but I cannot; I am dying."

"Cheer up. Exercise your will power. Remember that there are those at home who love you and are looking for your return. This will pull you through."

"There is but one such person in the world—my wife—and she would prefer that I should never return."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do. She loved another. Fate deprived her of him and gave her to me. Our parents arranged a marriage between us. My heart was in it, but not hers. I have hated this man, though I have never seen him. I only know that he exists. But now, since I am about to die, all that has gone from me. I am even willing that my wife should be happy with him."

As he spoke the last words he passed into unconsciousness, while the attention of the other, hearing sounds of an approaching rescue party, was turned in another direction.

Darkness fell upon the battlefield, but only caused the cries of those lying there to sound more melancholy, as the whippoorwill sings saddest when the twilight has passed.

Lights appeared here and there, moving about from place to place as rescue parties relieved the wounded or carried them away to the hospitals. The man with the broken leg, supporting himself by an arm, looked eagerly at the lights, praying that some of them might come his way. A party drew near him and he called to them, but either there were too many such calls for them to heed his or he had not the strength to make them hear. At any rate they passed on, leaving him bleeding in the cold. He sank in a stupor, doubtless from loss of blood, from which he was aroused by a bright light which dazzled his eyes. Behind it was the dark figure of a soldier.

"This one is alive," said the man. "Bring a stretcher."

There was just enough animation in the sufferer to remember the companion to whom he had given his last drink of liquor, and he wondered if he still lived and would be carried off the field or would later be shoveled with the other dead into a trench. But with bodily weakness both our finer and coarser feelings are benumbed, and he did not even ask the question. He was carried to a hospital—or, rather, a depot for the wounded—where surgeons were at work amid hundreds of poor wretches who were awaiting their turn to be examined. Finally a surgeon approached him, looked at his leg and at once began to amputate it.

Louis Nadler when he left the hospital did so with the help of a pair of crutches. He had made his contribution to the grim god of war in a leg and was reserved to die a natural death, for his fighting days were over. He sought his home in a little mountain village of Montenegro, where, with other of war's wrecks, he was received thankfully that he had returned at all by those who were near and dear to him. He would sit by the fireplace telling his friends of the battles in which he had fought and the privations he had endured.

One day a young widow who had lost her husband in the war came from a neighboring village to see Nadler. As she entered the room his eye lighted, and he exclaimed:

"Marya!"

"Louis!"

She approached the maimed man, who started to rise from his chair, but she hurried to him and gently prevented him from getting up. Sinking on her knees beside him, she suffered him to draw her closer to him.

"Alas," he said, "you are now free, but I—I am a worthless cripple. You will doubtless marry again, for you are young and comely, and again I shall suffer the pain of seeing you pass to the possession of another."

"I will never inflict that upon you again."

"And I will not permit you to sacrifice a lifetime of comfort with husband and children for me. To be near you and not possess you would be a wretched existence for me. No. As soon as my wound permits I shall go away, perhaps to America, where they tell me that even such as I may earn enough to prevent his being a burden on any one."

"Louis, my life henceforth is yours. I shall take care of you and if necessary work for you. But that will not be necessary. My husband has left me a competency, enough to live the simple life to which we have been accustomed from our childhood. I have done my duty toward him so long as he lived, and now that he is dead what was his is mine, and I am sure he would not grudge me the comfort of sharing it with you."

Nadler made no reply. He was thinking of the words spoken by the soldier on the field of battle. "But now, since I am about to die, all that has gone from me. I am even willing that my wife should be happy with him." He recalled, too, the look on the man's face when he saw the flask containing that which would quench the horrible thirst and give him a little strength to bear his sufferings. And he rejoiced that he had conquered his own craving and bestowed the boon on his comrade.

Marya came often to see the maimed soldier, and while she rejoiced that she might minister to him he found in the ministrations of one he loved and who loved him a solace for his misfortune. His wound healed slowly, and since they were separated in their homes, her attendance upon him was inconvenient and difficult. In order that she might do more for him it was deemed better that they should be married and live under one rooftree. Some shook their heads that a widow of but a few months should marry, but older persons approved of the plan and the pair were made one.

And now to return to the soldier lying on the battlefield, who had accepted his comrade's last drink. The same rescue party who had succored his wounded comrade, thinking him dead, passed on. Another party, accompanied by a medical officer, came, and the surgeon, placing his ear over the soldier's heart, found that it still beat. He ordered a restorative and the man removed to a hospital. There the soldier was revived, and when he had come to a condition to be questioned, an officer who was taking the names of the wounded asked his name.

The soldier hesitated. A faraway look was in his eyes, but the officer had no time to heed it.

"Your name!" he repeated impatiently.

"August Hehn."

The officer passed on, not knowing that the patient had not given the name that belonged to him.

Hehn, as he appeared on the hospital list, lay for weeks hovering between life and death. At last, pale and emaciated, he was discharged, not only from the hospital but from the army, and tottered toward his home. On the road he fell in with another discharged soldier limping along with his foot and head bound up, and the two journeyed together.

"I am going home," said the man to Hehn, "to my dear wife. I have done my duty by my country and have earned a reunion with her I love."

"I, too, am going home, to find—I expect—my wife with a former lover. I have doubtless been reported among the dead, since I gave a false name at the hospital."

"And what will you do if you find the case as you expect?"

"God knows!" replied Hehn.

When their paths separated the soldier said to Hehn: "Goodby. I hope that you will find that your wife has loved you and remained true to you."

"Goodby," was the reply. "I am prepared for the worst."

"Will you kill him?"

"I don't know."

Hehn tottered on, stopping at times by the way to gather a little strength or perhaps because he dreaded to know what he feared. He could not but envy his comrade who had gone on to the woman of whose affections he had no doubt. And so one evening as dusk was falling he approached the village wherein was his home. He waited on the outskirts until the inhabitants were all within doors, then went on and, coming to his own house, looked in through a window.

A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, but there was no one in the room. Presently a woman entered. A cold chill came over the watcher's heart, for there was no sign of mourning in her apparel. She put some logs on the fire, then drew an easy chair up before it. Leaving her apartment, she presently returned, her hand on the arm of a man walking by means of crutches.

The soldier without uttered a stifled cry.

The maimed man was he who had given him his last drink—the drink he was mad for, the drink that saved his life.

Recently a ship arrived at an American port on whose passenger list was the name of August Hehn. In Montenegro lives his wife, who supposes him dead. Neither she nor the man she believes to be her legal husband knows that they owe their happiness to the sacrifice of a little brandy on the field of battle.

Uses of the Plantain.

The plantain is one of those articles of food which are at once cheap and very health giving. Its cultivation is inexpensive, and swampy places are its natural home. Its uses are many. No part of the tree is without its benefit in the economy of life. Its leaves serve the purpose of plates and dishes. The ripe fruit is eaten with relish. The flower, the stem, the green fruit, are all constituents of the vegetable curry. Very fine cloth is manufactured from its fiber. In Bengal there are about thirty varieties of plantain trees, each one of which has a special use, physical, religious or medicinal. Not much skill or science is required in planting the tree, and once it has taken root it dies pretty hard. As a manure for fields not very favorable for the growth of other plants and trees the roots and withered leaves of the plantain are almost unsurpassable. It will grow anywhere, and it has been calculated that a modest Hindu family can jog on fairly well on the sale proceeds of the daily yield of a plantain field covering quite a small area.

Coleridge as a Talker.

Coleridge was a marvelous talker. One morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry and so admirably that I wish every word he uttered had been written down. But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible not only to myself, but to others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one afternoon when he was in a lodging off Pall Mall. He talked uninterruptedly for about two hours, during which Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head as if in assent. On quitting the lodging I said to Wordsworth: "Well, for my part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration. Pray did you understand it?" "Not one syllable of it," was Wordsworth's reply.—"Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London."

His Presentation Speech.

In Italy in the days when Queen Margherita was the lovely young bride of the then crown prince a little anecdote of her reception in one of the hill towns was current alike in society and in the press. The little boy who was to present the usual bouquet was the son of a distinguished literary man, and he had been taught a pretty poem of a few lines in graceful praise of the princess. But when the moment came to recite he stood mutely gazing at her too overcome to speak. After a moment in order to relieve the situation the princess smiled and held out her hand for the flowers. The little fellow held back for a moment, then, to the delight of the assembly, explained confidentially as he gave the flowers to her:

"There were verses, but you are so beautiful I can't remember them."

She That Passed.

She had on thin black silk, with white accentuations of some sort, loose and wavy in the body and flutterous in the skirt. May be her shoes were black and her stockings white, or vice versa. I couldn't swear which, and she was fairly long and fairly lithe, and when she went by she left a sense of having passed. We didn't see her face at all, but we were both looking after her as she turned the corner.

"Do you think," said I, "she is a married lady?"

He considered.

"I would not say that, but she did not somehow give the impression of a consistent spinster, did she?"

Not just that impression, no!—Life.

Sirens and Sponges.

The origin of the sirens, whose voices charmed men to their death, has been fancifully attributed to a species of great sponge that grows in the Cyrenian gulf. Sponge fishing is the chief industry of the Tripolitan and Tunisian coasts. Through a golden mist that rises when the sun is setting the giant sponges are seen like nymphs seated in the depths of the clear water.—Exchange.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Shopper—How do you like my new oriental rug? Mrs. Hopper (scanning the rug critically)—Are you sure it is oriental? Mrs. Shopper—Sure! Why, I stood by just as it was being finished by a Turk, or an Armenian, or a Persian—I don't know which—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Striving to Enlighten.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is 'facing the inevitable?'"

"Facing the inevitable, my son, is what you are advised to do when a system of taxation or business is unsatisfactory to you, but profitable to somebody else."—Washington Star.

Above the Average.

Mrs. Wayupp—How much sleep do I need, doctor? Doctor—Well, the average person needs about seven hours. Mrs. Wayupp—Then I shall take about fourteen. I consider that I am that much above the average.—Judge's Library.

Not Enough Time.

Louise—Clara married her husband to reform him. Julia—Did she succeed? Louise—No. He lived only forty years after the wedding.—Life.

Less Manual Labor.

Lady—You seem to like my pies. Tramp—It's de only one I got dis week dat I didn't have to get at wit' a can opener.—Kansas Capital.

A fool flatters himself; the wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer.

A Shell's Strange Exploit.

The late Major Merrill of Lawrence was well known in military circles all over the country. When the G. A. R. encampment was held in Kansas City some years ago the soldiers of the east and those of the west vied with each other in telling stories of the war. After listening to some pretty tough yarns Major Merrill related the following and carried off the honors:

"You know, boys, that I served throughout the war in a Massachusetts light battery. During the fighting at Malvern Hill our ammunition was running low, and I was sent to the rear for powder.

"I had an open express wagon and four mules. I got about a ton and a half of loose powder into the wagon and started for the front. About halfway back to my battery a shell landed right in the middle of the powder, and, would you believe it, it burned up a bushel and a half before I could stamp out the fire!"—Boston Herald.

Monster Ant Hills.

West African ant hills are veritable giants, frequently standing forty feet high. These ant hills are shaped something like a sugar loaf and are divided inside into hundreds of tiny rooms. They have, needless to say, myriads of inhabitants, and these are all busy making roads, gathering food and watching over the eggs and youngsters. The natives are afraid to touch these hills, except from a distance, with firearms. The ants often make their strongholds around trees, and they are built very solidly, with sides sometimes twenty inches thick. The inside is hollow, and at the top there is a sort of attic. The "royal cell," where the queen ant lives, is always found on the ground floor. This good lady is a prisoner, but is carefully fed by her busy subjects, the eggs she lays being immediately carried away and deposited in "rooms" set apart for the purpose.—Wide World.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

A Merchant, Not a Beggar.

An American lady in Rome bought some matches from a little match vender. They were wax matches in little decorated boxes. She handed the boy a five soldi piece and expected to have two in change, but the little fellow shrugged his shoulders and held the change tightly in his hand, with a begging expression on his face, signifying that he wished to have it given to him, whereupon a second American lady who was accompanying the first straightened herself, looked sternly at the boy and said, "Mercante, non mendicante!" (You are a merchant, not a beggar.) That was an appeal to the boy's self respect, and it so inspired him that he actually laughed and pressed the change upon his customer.—Christian Herald.

All Fortune Tellers.

"You are accused of swindling people on a fortune telling game," said the district attorney. "Can you really read the past?"

"No."

"Well, I can."

And he proceeded to read the culprit's rather stormy record.

"Can you read the future?" inquired the judge.

"No."

"Well, I can to some extent. At any rate, I can tell you where you'll be for the next two years."—Kansas City Journal.

Disraeli's Confidence.

Disraeli wrote a letter to his sister in 1833 in which he said: "Heard Macaulay's best speech, 'Shiel and Charles Grant.' Macaulay admirable, but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This entres nous (sic), I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that house. The time will come."

Then He Went.

"Ah," remarked Miss Weery, whom Mr. Staylate had been boring with old conundrums, "that last one reminds me of the best thing going"—

"What's that?" he asked eagerly.

"A man who has stayed too long."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Lots of Bones.

Schoolmaster—Now, Tommy Squibbs, tell me how many bones there are in your body. Tommy Squibbs—'Undreds, sir. I 'ad 'errin's fer break fast.—London Comic Cuts.

Forgot to Ask.

She—The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine. He—Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone.—New York Weekly.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil, nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

His Fellow Passenger

A Railroad Episode

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Burnell boarded the train at the Grand Central station and walked slowly through the crowded coaches until he found a vacant seat. There was only one, and the other occupant was a woman, young and slender and deeply veiled. He paused irresolutely, and the woman drew aside her skirts and made room for him. With a murmured word of thanks he flung his grip into the rack and settled himself behind the evening paper.

The train drew out of the station and into the stifling atmosphere of the tunnel. The dim light made reading impossible, and Burnell turned his eyes toward his fellow passengers. There were the usual aggregation of home going commuters, a sprinkling of shoppers and a number of travelers who had made themselves thoroughly comfortable for a longer journey. He shot a glance at the other occupant of his seat and was startled into a prolonged stare.

She had thrown back her veil and revealed such a profile as Burnell had dreamed of. She was young, perhaps twenty-one, with delicate coloring and pale golden brown hair parted above a low, white brow, her nose was perfect, and her mouth adorable.

As the train glided out of the tunnel into the pale afternoon light the girl made a little movement, and the purse in her hand slipped to the floor. Burnell bent to pick it up, and as he restored it to her she thanked him with a smile and a flash of sea blue eyes that fairly made him dizzy.

He looked wistfully at his painting kit in the rack above and wished that he was going to Boston to paint a picture of this girl, instead of that of a wealthy Back Bay spinster whose generous fee would support him for a year.

"Will you please stop the sandwich boy?" she asked timidly.

The artist whistled sharply and when the boy came she bought a package of chicken sandwiches and a couple of oranges. Burnell winced as he saw her carefully counting the money from her shabby purse.

"It is the curse of everything!" he thought savagely, remembering some of his own shattered illusions. Then he returned to his newspaper, while the girl ate her lunch daintily by his side. After that she drew down her veil and leaned back in her corner, and Burnell thought she slept.

Hour after hour the train thundered through the night; occasionally they stopped at a brilliantly lighted station, and the car was gradually emptied of its passengers. After they had left Providence behind and were whirling on toward Boston Burnell left his seat and took a vacant one just behind it, where he alternately dozed and meditated. The girl in black slept soundly.

At 10:30 Burnell slipped his watch back in his pocket just as the girl in front awoke with a little start, looked about her in bewilderment and then at the empty seat at her side. She turned in the seat and lifted her veil, and her face brightened visibly as she met the artist's interested glance.

"Ten-thirty," he said pleasantly.

"Why, what time shall we arrive in Providence?" she asked, with a carefully suppressed yawn.

"Providence! Why, madam, we will be in Boston in exactly thirty minutes."

A look of terror leaped to her eyes. "Oh, no, no; it cannot be," she cried. "I must have made a mistake. I wanted to go to Providence, not Boston! What shall I do?"

"That is easily remedied," said Burnell kindly, laying a strong hand on her trembling little fingers, "for you can take a train to Providence as soon as we arrive or wait until morning. Have you any friends in Boston?"

"Too many!" she shook her head doubtfully. "And, besides, I haven't any money. I spent the last for sandwiches. You see, Felix was to meet me in Providence and"— she flushed crimson and drew back in the seat as if she had divulged some secret.

Burnell's hand sought his pocket and withdrew a ten dollar note. It was half of all he had in the world until the portrait should be finished. "Take this. You can repay it when you join your friends. Here is my card." He thrust them into her hands.

"Oh, you are so kind. I shall never forget it," she murmured in a relieved tone. "I suppose I am horrible to accept assistance from a stranger, but if you only knew!"

"It is sufficient for me that you happen to be in need of it," returned Burnell, with his rare smile as he reached for his overcoat. "If you will permit me I will find out about the Providence train for you and see that you are safely aboard."

"Thank you, but I am sure that I can make the connection all right now." She pulled down the disguising veil and preceded him down the aisle of the car, for they were drawing into the Union station. The young painter saw his fellow traveler safely aboard the Providence train, and when the lights of the end car had disappeared in the darkness he walked thoughtfully back to the subway for a car to his hotel.

The next morning he called upon Leander Ridgely, the brother of the lady whose portrait he was to paint. He found the great shipping magnate pacing restlessly about his beautifully appointed office.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Burnell," said Mr. Ridgely, as he shook hands with the painter and bade him be seated, "but my sister, Miss Malinda Ridgely, who was to sit for her portrait, is quite indisposed today and cannot see you. I trust she may be able to talk to you tomorrow."

"I trust her illness is not serious," remarked Burnell, rising to go, but the other waved him back into his seat.

"Don't go. I would be happy if you will dine with us tonight, though you will find us anything but cheerful company under the circumstances." He threw himself into a chair. "As you will see more or less of my family, I may as well take you into my confidence. At present we are in great trouble."

Burnell looked interested as he lighted the cigar Mr. Ridgely offered him.

"I have a daughter, an only child, a beautiful girl," said Mr. Ridgely, his voice trembling with emotion. "She has been reared with the greatest care, and my sister has been a second mother to Frances. Four weeks ago you can imagine how shocked we were when my daughter—she is only eighteen—confessed that she wanted to marry her music master, a young German, clever enough in his way, but of whose antecedents I know nothing. I forbade the match, of course, until the man could give some account of himself, but he must have exerted some influence over my daughter, for a few days after her confession of love for the musician Frances left home, taking only a small sum of money with her. She left a note saying that she would go away and earn her own living until Felix could afford to marry her.

"You can imagine our grief and consternation. Of course I put detectives on her track immediately, and she has been under surveillance ever since. It seems the fellow went to Providence to play in some orchestra there, and Frances has seen him only once since she went to New York. She has been working in a department store until yesterday afternoon; then I received word from my agent that she had left the employment of the firm and had told her landlady she was going to Providence to be married. Somehow Alden, my agent, lost sight of her, and she has slipped off to meet this fellow.

"If I only could catch her. I am sure she would listen to reason, for she loves us dearly, but her Ridgely pride has been roused, and I have been letting her fight it out alone, hoping she would tire of it and come back to us. But I let it go too long. This German chap undoubtedly is after her money as well as herself."

"I think I can help you out, Mr. Ridgely," exclaimed Burnell. "I believe your daughter came down on the train with me last night." And he related his adventure to the impatient father.

"It is Frances!" cried Mr. Ridgely, reaching for his hat. "I thank you a thousand times for your kindness to my child, Mr. Burnell. Now, if Alden will only come along we can get that 10:03 and reach Providence in time to prevent their marriage."

In five minutes the detective arrived, and as they hastened down to the station Mr. Ridgely told the story of Burnell's meeting with the girl in black and his knowledge of her having gone to Providence.

Burnell afterward learned from Mr. Ridgely's own lips what had happened. It seems that his daughter had grown somewhat disillusioned concerning her German lover, but her pride forbade that she give in, though her tender heart was breaking for a reconciliation with those whom she had loved and from whom she was now parted for the first time in her life.

Her correspondence with the young German was desultory and only served to emphasize the difference in their upbringing. At the end of three weeks Frances Ridgely admitted to herself that she was completely cured of this fatal fascination for her music master, but just then he wrote to her and urged that they be married at once. He had a steady position and could support them. His endearing epithets recalled once more the bliss of their first lovemaking, and the girl was momentarily stirred by his appeal and consented to go to Providence and marry him.

Mr. Ridgely and his agent arrived just in time to halt Felix Hermann on the steps of the girl's boarding place. She was standing in the doorway, gowned in that same shabby black dress in which Burnell had seen her. When she saw her father she fainted in his arms, and afterward they learned it was from pure joy at her release from her engagement.

Felix Hermann seemed to be relieved of a great responsibility when Frances returned to her father, and not long afterward he married a rich widow who was passionately fond of music.

Robert Burnell painted Miss Ridgely's portrait, but he did not meet Frances, who immediately went abroad with her father for change of scene after her escapade. But he never gave up his hope of one day knowing her and transferring to canvas her beautiful face.

When she finally returned he renewed his acquaintance with her, and after her first embarrassment in his presence wore off he was overjoyed to receive a commission to paint her portrait.

So successful were the sittings that in the end the painter gave Mr. Ridgely the exquisite painting in exchange for the original, and his fellow passenger for life proved to be the same girl he had met on the train and assisted to elope with another man.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 16, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year.....60
One Quarter Column, 1 year.....35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

SEND THE TROOPS.

It is said that there is some opposition at Harrisburg toward the suggestion that a part of the Pennsylvania National Guard be sent to Washington to participate in the inauguration of President Wilson. It is to be regretted that this opposition originates with a few Republicans. It is their narrow-minded belief that a Republican Legislature should not send the State's guardsmen to help inaugurate a Democratic President. Surely this is a case of warped judgment.

Mr. Wilson was elected President. It is true that he is a Democrat. However, it will be the President and not Mr. Wilson who will be inaugurated on March 4th. Pennsylvania certainly should be represented in the inaugural parade. To deny to President Wilson this tribute on the part of Pennsylvania would be to establish a precedent that would be cause for mortification and regret for all time to come.

PENNA. ELECTORS MEET

Formally Cast Vote of State for Roosevelt and Johnson.

The thirty-eight presidential electors who were chosen in Pennsylvania at the last November election, met in Harrisburg on Monday and formally cast the vote of this State for Roosevelt and Johnson, for President and Vice President. William Wilhelm of Schuylkill County, one of the electors, was named as chairman of the electoral college and in an address he praised Ex-Senator William Flinn, of Pittsburgh, and scathingly arraigned Senator Penrose. Messages of greeting and congratulation were ordered sent to Roosevelt, Johnson, Flinn and other Progressive leaders.

It was decided to make the organization permanent and to hold a banquet annually. The first banquet will be held in Harrisburg. Colonel Roosevelt will be invited to attend.

ARCHBALD IMPEACHED

Scranton Jurist Removed and Forever Debarred from Federal Office.

Judge Robert W. Archbald, of Scranton, Pa., for 29 years an occupant of judicial positions on the Pennsylvania state bench, the Federal District bench and the United States Commerce court, was on Monday adjudged guilty by the United States Senate of "high crimes and misdemeanors;" was stripped of his office, and forever disqualified from holding positions of public honor or public trust.

The conviction and judgment came as the conclusion of the impeachment trial that had been pending in the Senate since last summer on charges that Judge Archbald had been guilty of misconduct and misbehavior as a judge, and that he had corruptly used his judicial power to further the private interests of himself and his friends in the acquisition of coal lands, properties in Pennsylvania.

On five of the 13 separate charges brought against him by the House of Representatives, Judge Archbald was found guilty. Upon the other eight the Senate voted him not guilty, the majority in some cases being against him, but failing of the two-thirds majority necessary for conviction. Any one of the five verdicts of guilty was enough to bring about the punishment imposed upon him.

The vote on the first charge, that udge Archbald had corruptly influenced officials of the Erie railroad to sell him the Katydid culm dump at Scranton, resulted in his conviction, by a vote of 68 to 5.

In a little committee room off the gallery floor, behind a guarded door, Judge Archbald, his wife and his son Hugh, sat throughout the afternoon as the Senate voted upon the charges against him. The first vote of conviction was carried to him by his son from the gallery. After sentence had been imposed upon him, Judge Archbald and his family left the capitol, to go at once to the family home at Scranton.

"I have always known that I have done no wrong, and the vote of no one makes it otherwise," was his only comment upon the Senate's action.

Sentence was imposed by Senator Bacon of Georgia, the presiding officer.

"The Senate, therefore do order and decree," said Senator Bacon, "and it is hereby adjudged, that the respondent, Robert W. Archbald, circuit judge for the United States for the Third judicial circuit and designated to serve in the Commerce court, be and he is hereby removed from office and that he be and is hereby forever disqualified to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States."

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

This column will be devoted to the interests of women the third week in each month. Discussion is cordially invited.

As a town proverbial for conservatism, Philadelphia has taken some long steps forward recently. Boston, Chicago, and New York which have long indulged in boastful comparisons, have had a very valuable suggestion offered to them by the Philadelphia Housekeepers' League, in the matter of reducing the cost of necessary foods. It was only a brief while ago that eggs were looked upon in the light of the commonest necessity and could be bought at as low a price as ten cents a dozen and the farmer's wife who depended upon the egg money to buy clothing for herself and children had to exchange a great many eggs for even a few simple inexpensive garments. Even now that eggs have become a luxury, and fresh ones not easily obtainable at any price, their costliness might not arouse so much antagonism if the profits really went to the farmer's wife. When we are told that the speculators and middlemen are receiving the largest percentage of the profits and the egg producer, in many cases the woman on the farm, is receiving a merely nominal sum, a keen sense of injustice takes possession of us.

It was this sense of injustice that impelled the Housekeepers' League of Philadelphia to make an effort before the holidays to reduce the price of eggs. At the time the attempt was made, eggs were selling at thirty to forty cents a dozen and it was stated that 700,000,000 eggs were locked up in cold storage houses all over the United States. The League endeavored to place within the reach of every family the same quality of refrigerator eggs at 24 cents a dozen as had been selling at 5 to 15 cents a dozen higher in retail stores, all eggs to be candled.

The members of the League are clubwomen and practical housekeepers, and are experienced in marketing and purchasing food for home consumption. They located stores at convenient points and sales were continued until the price of eggs was reduced to 22 cents per dozen.

As is usual in the case of the reformer, the members of the League were criticised and even threatened, according to report, and a college professor even went so far as to say that their methods were unscientific. So long as the methods were legitimate and attended with the desired results, science could be dispensed with. A definition given for Pragmatism is that "if a thing works, it is true," and this method of reducing prices seems to have worked. It cannot be said to be scientific to gamble in food necessities. At any rate, it seems to have been proven that the speculator and not the law of supply and demand makes the high prices.

The League has secured the interest of Mayor Blankenburg in establishing cooperative stores, and it is believed that this plan will result in reducing the cost of other food materials. We know full well that things are not as they should be when hundreds of bushels of fine apples are decaying in orchards while inferior fruit is selling in the city at 15 cents per quart and little children whose health would be benefited by it are being deprived of it.

This last move has had the good effect also of teaching the benefit of organization and cooperation.

A reform may now be begun in the cost of living through the parcels post which, although not what it will eventually be, is a beginning. Mrs. Julian Heath, President National Housewives' League, is said to be planning to have apples, fresh eggs and country butter mailed directly from the farm to the home. She believes that by this means the producer will receive a better price for his products and the consumer will receive better products at lower prices. Perhaps this will encourage the women on the farms to produce butter and eggs of superior quality and even to start small enterprises of their own on the farm.

Pennsylvania Suffrage Headquarters have been moved from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, which will this winter be the scene of interesting and unusual activity. There is much rejoicing over the fact just now that the Progressives have captured the speakership of the House and in the prospect that they will rule during the present session. It is said that for the first time in many years, Pennsylvania has a free legislature. Sentiment towards equal suffrage in the state has undergone a radical change since two years ago. It has been stated that at that time, the suffrage amendment missed passing in the Senate by only two votes, but that the House was not generally favorable towards it. In his message at the beginning of the session last week, the Governor himself recommended that the question be submitted to referendum. Now is the time for the clubs of women throughout the state to begin the study of citizenship in order to make the most of opportunities coming our way.

A party of twenty-five New York suffragists began in December what the newspapers are pleased to call "a hike" to Albany to place in the hands of Governor Sulzer a petition recommending a suffrage amendment to the constitution of New York. By the time the party had reached Albany it had dwindled to five, less enthusiastic members having dropped by the wayside. The survivors were most graciously received by the Governor, who has recommended the amendment which has been reported favorably by committees from both houses of the New York Legislature. It seems that here again Philadelpaia and New York are going to be neck and neck competitors in the race for suffrage, and New York seems to have the best chance of being first winner. A certain New York Bishop expressed bitter disapproval of the hikers, but nothing daunted, their leader replied that his own daughter was a strenuous "anti" who was working with might and main to defeat the cause of suffrage. The inconsistency of the "anti" lies in the fact that she considers it highly proper for herself to work against suffrage publicly while she criticises the suffragist worker most severely for appearing in public on the opposite side of the question. It was the liquor interests in Ohio and Michigan which defeated suffrage in those states, and the odd thing is that the eyes of the "antis" are so holden by prejudice that they are not aware that they have arrayed themselves on the side of the white slaver, the saloon and other vicious interests which are disintegrating the homes which they pretend to hold so sacred.

If but a few of the myriad reforms for the emelioration of humankind are successfully launched, the world will begin to seem like a better place to live in. The mere prospect, although the fulfillment may be distant, of better living conditions is giving fresh hope and new courage to many a weary being. When "better housing" has made the slums to disappear, when the producer of wholesome foods is enabled to hand his products to the consumer without the interference of a long line of middlemen, when the factories may be operated without the oppression of women and without the hands of tiny babes, when the prisons have become training shops for men who have become criminals because "they never had their chance," when the mother receives her pension, when the power to administer government is vested in the people, when organized charities, maintained by the rich, which only foster pauperism, have no longer a place in the scheme of living because every man and woman has found a place in which to earn a clean and wholesome living which will make them self-respecting, then shall we be able to part forever with most of the vices which are now sapping the vitality of the race.

On March 3, the day previous to the inauguration of President-elect Wilson, there will be a suffrage parade on Pennsylvania Avenue, at the National Capitol. It is expected that thousands of women who believe in equal rights will be in the line, which will be viewed by the inaugural visitors. According to newspaper reports, the first application to the Chief of Police to hold such a parade was refused on the ground that sufficient protection could not be afforded the women, but President Taft has granted permission for the parade and agreed to place extra police on the force for that day. We hear much about the protection of men for women, but there is no doubt that if women were given the means they would be amply able to protect themselves, and we hope this means will soon be the portion of all women.

Corporation Returns For 1912.

Collector H. L. Hershey of the Ninth Internal Revenue District of Pennsylvania has mailed to each corporation in his District two blank forms on which the returns of annual net income for 1912 shall be made. One form is to be prepared, executed by the President and Treasurer, and returned to the Collector at Lancaster, Pa., after January 1, 1913, but not later than March 1, 1913. The other form is to be prepared and retained by the corporation for reference. Should any corporation fail to receive their blanks by January 1, 1913, they should at once notify the Collector. The penalty for failure to make a return by March 1st, 1913, is fixed by law at from $1000. to $10.000. A return is required from every corporation that is in existence, regardless of whether a profit has been made or a loss sustained. Corporations who have surrendered their charters should furnish the Collector with a Certificate of the Auditor General of Penna. at Harrisburg, to that effect. There about 4,500 corporations in this District.

Mrs. Rachel J. Spotts Dead.

Mrs. Rachel J. Spotts, wife of John Spotts, died about midnight on Tuesday at her late home at Unionville. She was aged 78 years and had been ill for sometime. Deceased waswell and favorably known in her home community. Funeral services will be held on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Our Greatly Looked-for

Annual Winter

REDUCTION SALE

Sale Starts Saturday, Jan. 18th

and ends Saturday, February 1st.

People have come to recognize and appreciate these sales of ours at their true worth and as they really are the one true sale-where no special goods are purchased for the purpose--no false inflating of regular prices--but clean true reduction sale--devoid of misrepresentation, prompted by progressive business policy. We profit in disposing of our Fall and Winter stock-- that we need not carry over until next season--and yet many of them would possibly be as good the--take blues and blacks and a great many of neat colorings but even these are included. The policy of this store is each season--out goes that season's goods--to make room for incoming Spring and Summer Stocks.

WE RESERVE NOTHING

Every Suit--Every Overcoat--Every Pair of Pants in this Store

At Greatly Reduced Prices

The further saving of dollars on clothes--at their original prices represented the fullest possible value and most moderately and reasonably priced--make them now doubly cheap. All new and beautiful goods. Made in the exacting fashions which our patrons demand and invariably receive from us. Tailored in the most skillful manner.

A thing which should make this sale especially attractive is the extra largness of selection offered owing to the extreme mildness of the weather.

The Reductions Now in Force

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

$10.00	Reduced to	$7.50
12.00	" "	9.50
15.00	" "	11.50
18.00	" "	13.50
20.00	" "	14.50
22.50	" "	16.00
25.00	" "	18.75
30.00	" "	22.50

MEN'S SEPARATE PANTS

$ 2.00	Reduced to	$1.45
3.00	" "	2.25
4.00	" "	2.85
5.00	" "	3.35
6.00	" "	4.40

BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS

$ 3.00	Reduced to	$2.25
4.00	" "	2.85
5.00	" "	3.35
6.00	" "	4.40
7.00	" "	5.25

Wednesday January 22nd. all Boys' (excepting blue serges) knee pants, Bloomers & Plain, formerly 50c. to $1.50 For Wednesday and Thursday January 22nd. and 23rd 1-2 price **25¢** to **75¢**.

No Goods Charged at These Prices.

Sim The Clothier

Correct Dress For Men **Bellefonte & State College.**

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wetzel, of Detroit, have been visiting during the past week with relatives in Lock Haven and Howard.

L. T. Williams, who has been employed in building a tabernacle for the Evangelical Sunday school at Columbus, Ohio, is at present visiting his home here.

Frank Strunk was able to return from the Bellefonte hospital this week, after having been a patient there for several months. He was able to walk to his home from the train with the aid of crutches, a distance of about 40 rods.

Miss Hulda Johnson departed on Friday for Hinsdale, N. Y., where she is visiting for a week among friends.

Jackson Kline sold one of the carload of automobiles recently purchased by him to a man from State College. The machine is of the R. C. H. model.

Mr. Lego and crew of track hands shifted to Curtin on Tuesday, where it is stated they will raise the track at Holter's siding to a height of 14 feet above its present level.

J. B. Holter was a pleasant visitor in Lock Haven on Sunday last.

George Bulkley, 2nd trick operator at W. D. Tower, was a business visitor in Tyrone on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Nellie Watt, of Williamsport, visited here a few days last week at the home of Mrs. J. L. DeHaas.

George Williams and family, who have been spending the past two months in Buffalo, N. Y., returned to this place this week.

Alonza Henderson departed on Tuesday to visit several days in Altoona.

Operations were resumed at the works of the Howard Iron and Tool Company this week, when Balser Weber had a number of men employed in making the widely selling Jenkin's patented rate.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Howard was held on Tuesday afternoon at the Bank, at which all the directors were re-elected, namely, A. Weber, W. J. Kurtz, C. E. Yearick, W. H. Neff, J. W. Mayes, H. T. McDowell and Matthew Rodgers, Jr.

Liveryman J. M. Robb lost another of his livery horses last week, making the third horse that he has lost during the past six weeks.

What might have been a serious accident occurred last Wednesday evening at the home of Alonza Henderson, when one of the children tried to light a lamp and in the attempt somehow she set fire to a couch nearby and which quickly started a blaze. The couch was burned and also a number of other articles, but the flames were extinquished before any great damage was done.

Blanchard.

Miss Blanche Kunes several evenings ago entertained a number of friends at bridge, following which refreshments were served.

Two employes of the Penna. Fire Brick Co. had a little falling out recently. One struck the other on the head and the sequence was the issuing of a warrant. Following a hearing he paid the costs and furnished a bond to keep the peace for a year.

It will be good news to the many friends of Dean Glossner to learn that he is recovering nicely from his recent attack of pneumonia. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glossner.

Dean Goodwin, the well known young pianist, arrived here on Saturday with his mother. They have been in Camden, N. J., for some time past. Dean's friends will learn with regret that his health has not been the best of late and it is hoped that he will be greatly benefitted by his stay here.

Miss Gertrude Quigley, who visited for a time with her sister, Mrs. G. F. Hess, has returned to her home in Pittsburgh.

What may be the fore-runner to a lawsuit is the announcement by Constable Linn, of Beech Creek, that on January 24th he will sell a bay mare which was found astray in the public highway about two weeks ago. It is said that the horse was purchased by a resident of Howard township, and that subsequently the animal turned up one night shortly afterward, the purchaser alleging that everything wasn't found to be as represented. The horse was placed in a Beech Creek livery stable and Constable Linn's publicly posted notices advertise that the animal will be sold to the highest bidder.

Walter Gunsallus, who resides nearby the Hubbard bridge, has come to the conclusion that it doesn't pay to boast that a fellow cannot be surprised on his birthday anniversary. This popular and progressive young farmer was taken completely by surprise on Friday of last week when forty or more neighbors other friends burst in upon him at his home and helped him celebrate his birthday anniversary. Splendid refreshments were served and all present had the merriest kind of a time. The surprise was cleverly arranged by Mr. Gunsallus' aunt, Mrs. W. Frank Gunsallus, and Mrs. Cline Q. Confer, a nearby neighbor.

Woodward.

Miss Bertha Hosterman left for Johnstown Saturday, at which place she expects to spend some time.

Mrs. Harry Boob, from Loganton, was a visitor in town last week.

Misses Lida Hosterman and Mabel Boob were to Millheim Saturday afternoon.

Revival meeting held in the United Evangelical church closed Wednesday.

Charles Wolfe, from Aaronsburg, and sister, Mrs. Howard Miller, from Reberburg, spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. R. M. Wolfe.

David Mingle and Miss Mina Reffner are on the sick list.

Messrs. Earl Motz, Charles and Roy Musser were to Millheim Saturday afternoon.

Pine Grove Mills.

James I. Tanyer was a business visitor to the County Seat on Monday.

Mrs. John Fry and Miss Margaret Reed were business and social visitors in Bellefonte one day this week.

Mrs. James A. Decker has been quite ill, but is somewhat improved at this writing.

James R. Smith was suddenly called to Bellefonte on Wednesday by the illness of his son, M. M. Smith, who is confined to his bed with smallpox.

Aaron Kepler and Ralph Musser combined business with pleasure and attended the dance on Friday evening. Aaron was down to buy harness for his father.

Wilbur R. Decker, accompanied by his father, J. A. Decker, attended the drill at the Armory in Bellefonte on Friday night and before returning home transacted some business pertaining to the arrangements for the annual banquet of the Ferguson Township High School, which will be held on Friday evening, January 31st.

William H. Goss, County Auditor, reports that they have gotten started nicely with the task of auditing the official county records for the year 1912. It is quite a big job, but Mr. Goss is able to attend to his part with fitness and despatch.

James A. Decker on Monday received a telegram stating that his little granddaughters, Catherine and Edna Foster, of Altoona, were ill from pneumonia, which fact prompted Mrs. Leoda Decker to depart for that city.

The festival held by the 1913 class of the Ferguson Township High School last Saturday evening was a decided success. About $22 was cleared and this will be used in preparing for the graduating exercises in the spring.

N. C. Neidigh, the well known farmer and cattle raiser, killed a couple fine steers from his stables this week.

Mt. Pleasant.

Everything is booming in Belle Hollow at present.

William Garland has begun his timber job and is now employing 25 men and four teams. He is loading two and three cars a day. Everyone is delighted with the work so near home and all is moving along pleasantly with Samuel Cowher as head boss.

Levi Cowher, who is employed at Sandy Ridge, spent Friday and Saturday at his home.

Daniel McMonigal, who is employed at Blue Ball, spent Sunday here with his family.

Glenn Orwig, who has been ill for some time with grip, is again able to get around.

Mrs. William Orwig is the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. John Orwig, for two weeks.

Randall Mattern, of Washington, D. C., visited his friend, Miss Mary Sharar, on Sunday.

Our school is progressing finely under the supervision of Laura T. Bechdel. The attendance is especially good this stormy weather. The pupils here raised money during the past week to buy some articles needed very badly by them, and which could not be gotten otherwise. The boys and girls have the "snap" and are up with the times always.

Unionville.

Our good friend, Taylor Irwin, died on Sunday morning.

Harry Watson spent Sunday here with his mother.

The pipe for our new water line is being laid and Billy Parsons says he is going to have the first swim.

Billy Heaton came home to spend a few days vacation with his mother. Billy is located in the lumber territory of Virginia.

Leon Singleton and his mother transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Mrs. Howard, who has been spending some time in the land where it is always summer, is home again. Margaret said she would have remained longer only she thought it was pretty near spring time here.

"The trip around the world," which was held for the benefit of the M. E. Epworth League, of this place, was largely attended. There were eighty-six who "took the trip." We regret that inclement weather detained the majority of the people at their homes. There was a jolly crowd of young folks present. One was Sadie Emerick, who said she would not have missed the trip had it cost twice thirty cents. About $22 was realized over and above expenses.

Moshannon.

Mrs. Sarah Hazzard has gone to housekeeping at Gordon.

Mrs. A. J. Walker visited her sister, Mrs. John Hockenberry, on Sunday afternoon. The latter has been ill for some time.

John Walker and Jackson Mayes were visitors to Orviston on Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Walker has been ill, but at this writing she is much improved.

If you want to hear a good song, just call on Jackson. He will sing it for you.

W. Taylor Irwin Dead.

William Taylor Irwin, an aged and highly respected resident of near Unionville, died on Sunday morning, last, at 4 o'clock. He had been in failing health for several years. Deceased was born on March 28, 1830. Surviving are his widow and several children. Funeral services were held on Wednesday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Meredith, pastor of the Advent church. Interment was made in the new Union cemetery at Unionville.

MRS. H. H. YARNELL DEAD

Native of Centre County Passed Away Last Week Near Connellsville.

The Connellsville "News" chronicles the death of Mrs. Lizzie Yarnell, a native of Centre County, which occurred on Wednesday, January 8th, last, at Wheeler, nearly Connellsville. The "News" of that date published the following.

"Mrs. Lizzie Yarnell, aged 65 years, wife of H. H. Yarnell, Civil war veteran and well known citizen, died this morning at her home at Wheeler after an illness of six weeks, from gall stones. The end had been expected for several days. The deceased was born in Centre county April 6, 1848, the daughter of Robert and Julia Jackson. She was married August 8, 1866, in Centre county to Mr. Yarnell and about 20 years ago the family removed to Connellsville. This locality had been her home since. For a long time, until six years, ago they lived at South Connellsville, removing from there to Wheeler."

Mrs. Yarnell was the mother of 12 children, four of whom survive. They are Thomas V. Yarnell, of Woodlawn; Robert, South Greensburg; David P. of Wheeler and Mrs. Ruth Hunter, of Derry. Since the age of 16 Mrs. Yarnell had been a member of the Christian church. She was also a member of the Ladies' Circle to the G. A. R."

The funeral services were held Thursday evening at 7 o'clock at the late home at Wheeler, Rev. J. P. Allison and Rev. Blair, the later of Perryopolis, in charge. Interment was made Friday at 10 o'clock in Hill Grove cemetery.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Mary A. Snyder, relict of the late Benjamin Snyder, departed this life on Saturday, December 28, 1912, about 1.05 p. m., from the effects of a paralytic stroke, which occurred at noon on September 29, 1911, while dining in her late residence at Snow Shoe Intersection, Centre County, Pa., since which time she lingered along better and worse, sometimes jubilant and then depressed until the end came; she was the daughter of Captain David Askey and wife Elizabeth, born near Chestnut Grove along the Allegheny mountain, said county. They later moved to Karthaus where the parents died, and she with her husband moved later on to Milesburg, when in the latter part of 1875 they moved to the place where she died, after having lived there about 31 years. She attained the age of 78 years, 3 months and 14 days, was a woman of great physical vitality, and maintained her mental vigor as well unto the last. Surviving her are the following children: Mrs. Rebecca Corse, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacob C., of Milesburg; Mrs. William Kepler, of Baltimore, Md.; James H., of Snow Shoe Intersection; Mrs. Oscar Peters, of Lancaster; George C., of Mill Hall; Eugene L., of Elmira, N. Y., and William C., of Pittsburgh. Also 17 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren, with one sister and three brothers. She was a member of the Milesburg M. E. church, for 40 or more years, in acceptable standing to the end of her earthly career. She was a woman of fine attainments, respected and loved by all who became acquainted with her, a true wife and a devoted mother. Her funeral took place on the 31st of December, conducted by Rev. J. Zeigler, her nearest neighbor, pastor of Messiah's church. Interment was made in the cemetery below Unionville, with suitable adaptation to the occasion. A choir from her church rendered very appropriate music, showing their esteem of the deceased; and the bereaved share the deepest sympathy and regard of their neighbors and friends. May she rest in peace.

Mrs. Delighta Robison Dead.

Mrs. Delighta Robison died at 12.20 o'clock Monday, January 13th, from diseases incident to old age, after an illness of two months, at the home of her daughter in Tyrone. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks, of Milesburg, and was born February 3, 1838, at Rock Springs, Centre County. In 1860 she moved to Pennsylvania Furnace, where she was married to Jacob Robison. They afterward moved to Half Moon valley, and she had been a resident of Tyrone for the past twenty-seven years. Her husband died about thirty-one years ago. She leaves the following children: Mrs. George B. Smith, of Northwood; Mrs. Daniel Heberling and Jacob Robison, of Tyrone; Miss Frances Nelson and George at home. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Private services were held at the late home on Wednesday evening at 7.30, by Rev. C. W. Karns. This Thursday morning the cortege will go overland to Half Moon valley, where further services will be conducted in the Ross church and interment made in the churchyard.

Mrs. Henry Fox Dead.

Mrs. Henry Fox died at her late home in Bellefonte on Saturday night, last, following an extended illness. With her husband she occupied apartments over the "Gazette" office. The remains were removed to Lewistown on Tuesday for interment. Mr. Fox, while engaged about the house following his wife's death, had the misfortune to slip and fall down a steep flight of stairs and sustain painful injuries.

Peaks of the Dolomites.

The Tyrol, that rugged land of mountain warfare, has lost much of its lust for battle. But far above its vineclad valleys and crag uplifted castles, hoary with grim memories of hurtling slaughter, there rises a region of embattled spires where the joy of victory may yet be tasted. The battle is not with dukes and their legions, but with those solemn sentinels of the silences, the towering peaks of the Dolomites. These rocky giants, with their defenses of gloomy precipice, icy slope and storm swept ridge, still challenge man to the fray. Health and strength are some of the rewards they offer if approached with due prudence and skillful assault; otherwise they may take a relentless revenge.—New York Telegram.

Ether.

Ether was known to the earliest chemists. Nitric ether was discovered by Kunkel in 1681 and muriatic ether, from the chloride of tin, in 1759, by Courtanvaux. Acetic ether was first prepared by Gay-Lussac. The beneficent discovery that ether is capable of rendering one insensible to pain is due to Drs. Jackson and Morton, who, about the year 1846, introduced it into the practice of surgery. Some claim that as between the two men the honors are about easy. Apart from the blessedness of the discovery of anaesthesia, it is impossible to estimate the value of the discovery to surgery as a science. It enables the delicate operation that would otherwise be impossible.—New York American.

A Point of Law.

"Do you see that man over there?"

The world famous detective spoke in a low whisper, and his friend looked quickly around, scenting a mystery.

"Yes," he replied, just as cautiously.

"Well, he's a professional forger."

"Then why don't you arrest him?" asked the friend in surprise.

The world famous detective grinned aggravatingly.

"Can't," he said briefly. "It's not breaking the law to make horseshoes."—London Answers.

Bit by Bit.

"Dashington seems to have finally made a conquest of the Scadmore girl. Wonder how it all came about?"

"The first time she saw him she gave him her eye, the next time they met she gave him her arm. It wasn't long before he was holding both of her hands, soon after that he won her heart, and she lost her head, and gave herself to him completely."

Qualified to Instruct.

Mr. Green—What a lot I seem to have learned tonight! How I have benefited by this conversation with you, my dear Miss Roberts! Somehow your intellect seems to appeal to mine. Are you a literary lady? Miss Roberts—No; I am a teacher in an infant school!

Easy.

"Woman must be independent," said the suffragette orator. "But the question is, How can we get the same wages that men do?"

"Marry them and be on the job Saturday night," suggested a mean man in the audience.—Exchange.

Misunderstood.

"Before you were married he said he would go through fire and water for you, didn't he?"

"I thought he did, but I think now that I misunderstood him. I think he must have said fire water."—Houston Post.

Getting Specific.

Bifferly—When you and your wife were first married you used to call each other "birdie," didn't you? McSwat—Yes. Bifferly—Do you still do it? McSwat—Well, I call her a parrot and a magpie, and she usually refers to me as a jay.—Exchange.

Itching, torturing skin cruptions disfigure, annoy, drive one wild. Doan's Ointment brings quick relief and lasting cure. Fifty cents at any drug store.—Advt.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.32
Butter, per pound	.35

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.90
Wheat, red	.95
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.—Advt.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring

Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2073

Bellefonte, - - - - - Pa.

PREVENTION

Better Than Cure

Disinfect Your Homes

AND PURIFY YOUR BLOOD

In times of contagious diseases it pays to use preventive methods—We carry a good line of disinfectants—Chlorinated Lime 5 to 15c. Kreso 50c. Creolin 25c. $1.00 Lysol $1.00 Platts Chlorides 50c. and best of all

Green's Odorless Chlorides 25 35 & 50c.

There is no better blood Purifier than "Green's Concentrated Sarsaparialla Compound $1.00

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 21st. day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 24th. day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 14, 1913.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of an order issued by the Orphans' Court of Centre County the undersigned will expose at public sale on the premises near Matternville, in Patton Township,

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1913,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of Mrs. Fannie Carson, deceased:

A certain messuage and tract of land situate in Patton Township aforesaid, beginning at a post in the Half Moon road; thence along said road and line of William S. Gray, South 6¼ degrees East, 12 perches to post; thence by same, South 18 degrees West, 18 perches to post; thence South 67 degrees West, 3 12-25 perches to post; thence North 32¼ degrees West, 26 3-5 perches to post on line between Hartsock and Gray; thence North 69¼ degrees East, 22 23-25 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 2 acres and 82 perches net.

Thereon erected a two story frame house with cellar, stable, pig-pen, etc. Apple orchard and other fine fruit, as well as a good cistern on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of purchase money on day of sale, balance of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year from confirmation, and to bear six per cent. interest and to be secured by Sci. Fa. bond and mortgage on the premises.

HARRY KELLER,
THOMAS A. HARTSOCK
Att'y. Admr. Fannie Carson, dec'd.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.—Advt.

Penny-A-Word Column.

LOST—A gold watch in the Bush House; name Roy H. Grove engraved inside case; return to this office; reward.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

GIRL WANTED—Girl wanted for general housework. Apply to MRS. LAURA E. SNYDER, 214 West College Avenue, State College, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

GIRL WANTED—Competent girl wanted for cooking and general housework. Apply to MRS. CHARLES E. DORWORTH, 19 West Linn Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—3 high grade bull calves, 1 heifer calf, from 4 to 6 mo. old, sired by Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje No. 52124 H. F. H. B.; bred to high grade Holstein Fresian cows, with a high milk and butter record.

ROBERT MUSSER,
Spring Mills,

Deprecates Elopements.

The Rt. Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, bishop of the Altoona diocese of the Catholic church, in his sermon at St. John's pro-cathedral, Altoona, Sunday morning, expressed his opinion about runaway marriages. In no uncertain terms he denounced the cruelty of sons and daughters who unexpectedly bring new members into the family. The parents, because of the sacrifices they have made, deserve the right to be informed of coming weddings, he said. The bishop also strongly advised against mixed marriages, telling the parents to stop the courtships in the incipient stages.

INVENTORY SALE!

Commencing Thursday, January 16--Continuing Ten Days.

We will offer at reduced prices a larger line of Hardware than we ever did before.

Articles that will be of use to Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer and Housewife. A few of our bargains are:

	Sale Price	Reg. Price
Rollman Food Chopper	75c.	$1.25
Hand Saws	50c.	75c
Brace and Set of Bits	$1.15	$1.50
Razor, Strop and Hone	$1.00	2.00
50 Full-lined Stable Blankets	$1.75	2.25

Many other articles too numerous to mention.

Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

POPULATION STATISTICS

Over 55 Per Cent. in Pennsylvania Native Whites of Native Parentage.

The composition and characteristics of the population of Pennsylvania, as reported at the Thirteenth Decennial Census, are given in an advance bulletin soon to be issued by Director Durand, of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Of the total population of Pennsylvania, 4,223,727, or 55.1 per cent., are native whites of native parentage; 1,806,267, or 23.6 per cent. are native whites of foreign or mixed parentage; 1,438,719, or 16.8 per cent., are foreign-born whites; and 193,919, or 2.5 per cent., are negroes. The corresponding percentages in 1900 were 59.2, 22.7, 15.6 and 2.5, respectively, the comparison indicating a considerable decrease in the proportion of active whites of native parentage. Native whites of native parentage constitute more than three-fourths of the population in 32 of the 67 counties, and more than nine-tenths in 12 counties. The proportion of whites of foreign birth exceeds 20 per cent. in 12 counties, the highest percentage being that for Lackawanna county (29.2); in 35 counties, however, the proportion is less than 10 per cent.

Of the urban population 45.8 per cent. are native whites of native parentage; of the rural, 69.2 per cent. The corresponding proportions for native whites of foreign or mixed parentage are 28.8 and 15.6 per cent., respectively. The percentage of foreign-born whites is 22 in the urban population and 13.9 in the rural; the percentage of negroes is 3.4 in the urban and 1.2 in the rural.

In the total population of the State there are 3,942,206 males and 3,722,905 females, or 105.9 males to 100 females. In 1900 the ratio was 103.5 to 100. Among native whites the ratio is 98.4 to 100; among foreign-born whites 145.5 to 100. In the urban population there are 102.3 males to 100 females, and in the rural, 111.7.

Burglar Trapped by Bees.

Driven into spasms of agony by the stings of a hive of bees, an armed burglar, trapped in the yard of the home of John Sampson, a farmer, at Fallington, last Saturday yelled at the top of his voice for aid and surrendered in gratitude when his tormentors were driven away.

Sampson was awakened by a man's loud screams. Running out with a lantern to the rear of his home, he found the man, wearing a mask, desperately fighting to get away from the swarm of bees. In one hand the man had a revolver and in the other a dark lantern, and while he used both of these in his fight with the bees, they proved but poor weapons.

Sampson, taken by surprise, stood watching the strange sight. The masked man shouted:

"For God's sake, save me! Please do something! I came to rob your house, but fell over the hive and these devils attacked me."

After making this appeal the robber dropped his revolver and lantern. Sampson picked these up, quieted the bees and led his prisoner to the town jail. It was necessary to call a physician to relieve the victim's agony.

Food Prices Soar.

Soaring prices of foodstuffs are pictured in a new set of figures compiled by the United States Department of Labor from its investigation of the cost of living in thirty-nine cities.

Between August, 1911, and August, 1912, only two things decreased in price, potatoes and sugar. Meanwhile, everything else advanced.

In Boston sirloin steak had advanced 24 per cent.; in Buffalo, 19 per cent.; in Atlanta, 8 per cent.; in Chicago, 19 per cent., and in Birmingham, 15 per cent.

But the figures showing the advance in prices during the last ten years show the following increases:

Sugar, 6 per cent.; butter, 34; milk, 25; flour, 35; potatoes, 46; eggs, 47; lard, 57; hens, 59; sirloin steak, 62; ham, 63; rib roast, 63; cornmeal, 64; round steak, 86; smoked bacon, 100, and pork chops, 105.

Within thirty-nine cities the department investigated live one-fifth of the total population of the United States; two fifths of the urban population, and approximately one-third of all the people engaged in gainful occupation, not including farmers.

Crypt For Paul Jones.

The body of John Paul Jones will be placed in the crypt of the chapel at the Naval Academy, intended to be its permanent resting place, at an early date.

The crypt has been completed and has been turned over to the United States Government, and the date for the transference of the remains from Bancroft Hall to the crypt will be fixed for the latter part of January or early in February.

The removal will be observed simply. It is planned to have a modest military display and a number of officials and others who have shown special interest in the matter will be invited to take part.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.—Advt.

Parcel Post and Printed Matter.

Persons who find the restriction o the parcel post with regard to printed matter inconvenient are probably unaware of the real liberality of the new system in this respect. The main office issues information which will probably clear up the situation for a great many doubtful ones. It is understood, of course, that the term "fourth-class matter" means parcel post. The information follows:

Printed matter relating to an article of merchandise which it accompanies is regarded as descriptive of the article within the meaning of Section 483, postal laws and regulations, and therefore is a permissible inclosure with such article when mailed as fourth-class matter.

Printing on an article of merchandise, or on its wrapper, or on a label pasted to it in such manner as to form an integral part of it, does not affect the classification of the article as mail matter of the fourth-class.

Catalogs in which two or more order forms are bound, as well as catalogs or other printed matter having samples of merchandise permanently attached to them, may be accepted for mailing at the fourth-class rate of postage.

Order forms, address tags, report forms, letter and bill heads, insurance and legal forms, cards and other similar supplies, regardless of the amount of printing on them, blank check books, receipt books, and other books of forms, partially in print, may be mailed as fourth-class matter.

Directions for taking medicine written on a label attached to a bottle or package containing the medicine or inclosed with it are permissible and do not affect the classification of the parcel.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens, stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.—Advt.

Funny Peasant Notions.

The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, center and south of the empire is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and the moon and stars, of three constellations, of the Milky way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being.

The moon, covered with ice and snow, is ever in flight from its brother, the sun. Upon its disk is portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death with a pitchfork. The lunar rays are malignant, and evil comes to those who sleep unprotected from them. The horns of the moon afford information as to the weather.

The stars are lamps or candles lighted and extinguished by the Eternal. A shooting star is the soul of one just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleonic war followed the great comet of 1811.—Exchange.

What Makes a Nation.

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Crowns, coronets, miters, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air and not worth considering unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage, and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.—John Bright.

A Formidable Feast.

Wentworth Woodhouse has long been famed for its hospitality. On Jan. 7, 1732, Richard Wardman, the steward of Wentworth Woodhouse, writes that "My lord is to have a great diner for all his tenents and some other of his loveing gentlemen, that is parsons and dokters and pothecarys, and none is to be admitted but what has tickitts. I am told they have killed 18 Does, Barons and Spondones. His lordship has got a man to make him three Hunderd duzon of wooden trenchers; he finds him wood, and the man makes them, and when the day is over he is to have them all for his laboure. His lordship has taken a great deal of pains to make a nice calculation how they ar to sit and dine, for it is thought there will be about 8 Hunderd men that day—and a great piece of folly I say."—London Chronicle.

WAVERLY
for highest quality in
GASOLINES
(power without carbon)
Family Favorite Oil
"the clear, bright flame"
LUBRICANTS
for all purposes
Free—320 page book—all about oil
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ned Bromley's Assurance

He Got Into His Own Trap, but Got Out of It

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Ned Bromley was sitting in a trolley car beguiling a long ride by looking up at the signs opposite. Ned was a good natured, devil-may-care sort of fellow, always ready to crack a joke or put himself out to do any one a favor. Lowering his eyes, he saw an elderly gentleman sitting opposite him looking at him, Ned thought, rather disapprovingly. As Ned read his thoughts they were something like this:

"The young man opposite, judging by the fashionable cut of his clothes, is passing that age when his tailor is his most intimate friend. He looks as if he would swear at the least provocation and probably gambles."

Of course, Ned made this up, but the fact remains that disapprobation was plainly marked on the gentleman's countenance. Ned, who was full of Old Nick, was minded to shock the man. Leaning forward, he said confidentially:

"I know a place where there's a small game going on. I wouldn't mind taking you around if you like."

The man gave him a withering look, turned, showing as much of his back as possible and made no reply. Ned took the rebuff good naturedly and was thinking how to follow up his shocking process without running the risk of being turned over to the police when the gentleman pushed the button, the car stopped, and he got out. When Ned next turned his glance to where the gentleman had been sitting he saw a fat wallet lying on the seat.

"That comes of no button on the hip picket," said Ned, who had once lost a pocketbook from that cause; and, taking up the wallet, he left the car and ran after the owner. Unfortunately, the man was not to be seen. The next thing to be done was to examine the contents to learn if there was any address within. Ned came upon a singular bit of information. He found a card on which was written: "This is the body of Archibald Crane, president of the —th National bank. In case of accident, illness or death telephone the bank, also my house, No. 742 Lincoln street."

"How easy it is," mused Ned, "to read character from the appearance. Any one would know that was just the kind of man to put such a notice in his pocketbook. But what's this?"

From another division of the wallet he took some bank bills folded together. There were five of them—three twenties, a fifty and a ten, in all $120. There was another roll of ones and twos, making up $7 more.

"I reckon I'll give the old gentleman a chance to worry a bit," mused Ned. "I'll telephone tomorrow at his home after he's gone to the bank or to the bank after he's gone home. Perhaps I'll get some fun out of the old crank after all."

So he pocketed his find and thought no more about it till the next morning, when he fancied the man he wanted was not at home; then after looking in a telephone directory he called up Mr. Crane's residence. A very soft feminine voice asked, "What is it?"

"Is Mr. Crane at home?"

"No; he's gone to the bank."

"Perhaps you had better call up the bank and ask if he is there."

After some questioning as to the cause of this suggestion the lady concluded to do as advised, after which she called the telephone number that Ned had given her. He was waiting and said:

"I didn't wish to scare any one, so I asked you to call up Mr. Crane to assure yourself that he is all right. I've found his body."

"Found his body! My goodness gracious!"

"Oh, you know he's all right."

"Yes."

"Well, what shall I do with his body?"

"What does all this mean? Who are you?"

"I'm Edward Bromley."

There was a pause when the voice asked where Mr. Bromley was, and he replied that he was at the University club and asked whom he had the honor of speaking with and received the information that he was speaking with Miss Hester Crane, Mr. Archibald Crane's daughter.

"Well," continued Ned, "I've found a pocketbook with about $120 and a card giving instructions what to do with Mr. Crane's body if found dead or something."

"You don't mean it?"

"I certainly do."

"I know papa is a bit peculiar, but I didn't think he would put anything like that in his pocketbook."

"I'm in a quandary about the return of the money."

"How so?"

"Well, I saw Mr. Crane sitting opposite me in a trolley car looking at me rather severely. My neck scarf didn't seem to please him or a snake ring I wore on my little finger. I thought I'd shock him and asked him if he'd like to go where a small game was going on."

A ripple of laughter came over the phone at this, then the reply, "You couldn't have done anything more calculated to turn papa against you."

"That's just it. Now, supposing he knows that I have his portmonnaie, 10 to 1 he'll think I picked his pocket."

"How can he assume that if you return everything just as you found it?"

"Oh, he wouldn't remember just how much there was in it, and he'll be sure to think he had more than he did have. You see, I wouldn't like to take any risk. To be arrested as a pickpocket would be awful, even as one whose conscience led him to deliver up the goods he had stolen."

"It is complicated. At least it appears to be so. I can readily understand your timidity in the matter."

Now, Mr. Bromley's timidity was all balderdash. He was figuring to hear that sweet voice near by and see if the face and figure were as attractive as he pictured it.

"I might give the pocketbook and its contents to you," he said, "without meeting your father; then he wouldn't recognize me for the man who sat opposite him and asked him to go to a gambling house. Do you see?"

"Yes. That would be a very good way out of it. You might send it to me."

This broke into Mr. Bromley's calculations. It occurred to him that he might as well send his find to Mr Crane direct. But Ned's wits were sharp enough for the occasion.

"I wouldn't like," he said, "to surrender the property to any one without being sure of what I was doing. You see, I stand in a delicate position. If I knew I was delivering the goods to the owner's daughter I would feel all right about it. I wouldn't even ask a receipt."

"But you don't know me."

The matter was now getting where Ned wanted it. He availed himself of the opportunity without hesitation.

"I would trust any woman with so sweet a voice with untold wealth."

A pleased "Te-he!" came from the other end of the wire and immediately the reply, "Well, you may bring it if you like."

"When?"

"I suppose you prefer to come when papa is not at home?"

"Certainly. I wouldn't meet him for anything."

"Papa goes to the bank a little before 9 in the morning and comes home about 2:30."

"In that case I would better make the return tomorrow morning, say about 11 o'clock."

"Very well. I will be happy to—I mean I will receive it at that time. But what am I to do about the reward?"

"Oh, the reward is in permitting me a stranger, to return the pocketbook to you in person. I am very anxious to see if your face is as charming as your voice."

"There you will certainly be disappointed. I mean—rather, I don't mean—that my voice is charming—there, you've got me all mixed up."

"Never mind; I shall have the inestimable happiness of seeing for myself."

There was more of this before the receivers were hung up, but so much in the same vein that it would become tiresome through repetition. The next morning at 11 o'clock Mr. Bromley rang the bell of 742 Lincoln street, a handsome stone front residence, and sent up his card. When the young lady came into the room he stood mute with admiration. But his eyes were anything but mute. Indeed, his gaze was such as to make the young lady lower her eyes, but it was nevertheless gratifying.

It is necessary to pass over a few months in the thread of this story, when, Mr. Bromley and Miss Crane having become avowed lovers, found it necessary to let the lady's father into the secret that she desired to marry a man whom he was likely to recognize as one who had offered to show him a small game. They put their heads together in an attempt, among other things, to discover a device to prevent the old gentleman's recognition of his would be son-in-law. The effort was a failure.

"There's only one way to meet the case," said Ned at last.

"What's that?"

"Cheek."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll declare I never met your father before in my life."

Since there was no other way out of the matter Ned arranged to call when the "body of Mr. Crane" was at home, which Ned had not done before. He carved out a new pair of whiskers, had his hair curled and put on a pair of eyeglasses. Moreover he wore as different a suit of clothes from those he had on when he first met Mr. Crane as possible. When introduced to the old gentleman the latter, looking at him scrutinizingly, said:

"Your face is familiar to me, sir."

"I hope you haven't met that fellow who looks so much like me and is always geting me into trouble," Ned broke out. "He's a stool pigeon for a gambling house."

"That's the man," replied the other. "He had the impudence to ask me to go with him to his villainous place."

"What shall I do about it? If the thing goes on much longer I won't have a shred of character left."

Miss Crane went to the window making a great effort to repress her laughter, while her lover discussed with her father the question as to whether the law could be made available to protect the former against a man of bad character who resembled him.

Notwithstanding the success of this daring stratagem Ned afterward occasionally caught the old gentleman looking at him with an expression indicating that he wasn't quite certain but that he was the man he had met in a street car. However, Ned married Miss Crane, and there was one thing his father-in-law never suspected—that Ned was the person who had returned his lost pocketbook.

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A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It Involved a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head bent more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an interruption to the plans. A maidservant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms awhile ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note, because it's signed and"— The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the gardener and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, goosie, and then come outdoors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly untwisted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

Darling (here was a huge black blot that obliterated the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading in the library a half hour before dinner? Devotedly, LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodby," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wove delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warned them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face. Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rosy veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as waxen as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately chose a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly, when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodby, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning!" called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that early train, too, Lang? You said you were leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town"— But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodby to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woebegone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.

March of the Dining Hour.

The hour of dining has advanced with the centuries. Froissart mentions waiting on the Duke of Lancaster at 5 in the afternoon after he had supped and was about to go to bed, and the preface of the Heptameron shows that the queen of Navarre dined at 10 o'clock in the morning. From the Northumberland Household Book, dated 1512, we learn that the ducal family rose at 6, breakfasted at 7, dined at 10, supped at 4 and retired for the night at 9. Louis XIV. did not dine till 12, while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at 1. In 1700 the hour was advanced to 2, in 1751 we find the Duchess of Somerset dining at 3, and in 1760 Cowper speaks of 4 o'clock as the fashionable time. After the battle of Waterloo the dinner hour was altered to 6, from which time it has advanced by half hour stages to 8. So that in 400 years the dinner hour had gradually moved through at least ten hours of the day.—London Spectator.

Painting Turkeys' Legs.

Among the many trades which exist, but which are not as a rule filled up in the census papers, are the "fakers" of all kinds, from the manufacturer of antique furniture and brasses to the bird fancier who can pass a sparrow as a canary. Perhaps the most curious form of "faking" is that which deals with turkeys, dead or alive, and which is principally practiced in France. The age of a turkey is told chiefly by its legs and beak. These are filed and treated with a special varnish by the "faker" two or three times a week before the bird is to be sold. It will then, to all appearance, have renewed its youth, and its owner is able to obtain a much higher price. The freshness of the dead birds is also largely told by the color of the legs, and for this, too, a varnish is used. The varnish was the discovery of a Frenchman, Pere Chapellier, who seems to have been a really remarkable man, as he had many irons in the fire and died worth a considerable sum.—London Telegraph.

The First Mountaineer.

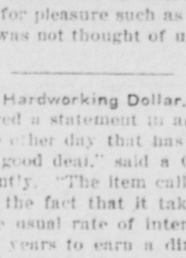
A Munich paper has been searching the records of history to discover who were the first mountain climbers. It gives the palm to Moses for his ascent of Mount Sinai and rules out Noah for his ascent of Mount Ararat because he made it in a boat. There is sufficient evidence to show that the ancients thought mountain climbing sheer madness. No one in the time of Horace or Polybius wanted to go climbing for a summer holiday. A Chinese emperor in the seventh century was the first to make climbing fashionable in the east, but the first true tourists in Europe seem to have been Dante, Petrarch and Leonard. Then came the Emperor Maximilian I., who used to hunt in the mountains near Innsbruck, and after him Conrad von Gesner and Josias Simler explored the Swiss mountains. But climbing for pleasure such as we know it today was not thought of until quite recently.

Hardworking Dollar.

"I noticed a statement in an eastern paper the other day that has disquieted me a good deal," said a Cleveland man recently. "The item called to my attention the fact that it takes a dollar at the usual rate of interest more than two years to earn a dime. You can see the effect. Every time I spend a dime I think of that toiling dollar spinning away in the dark somewhere. The dime I spend means more than two years of steady application, and yet I let it go as if it were of too small value to be at all considered. Why, it takes a dollar more than a year to earn 5 cents! Think of that when you slip the next nickel across. It really makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't read the stupid thing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Subsidence of the Bermudas.

It is contended that the Bermuda islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, which has sunk into the ocean. The original island, it is asserted, had an area of 300 or 400 square miles, whereas the Bermudas of today are only about twenty square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, according to Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration.—Harper's.



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On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

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Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East Hight St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

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Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
Waddles	8.0	1.10	f 5.25
Briarly	f 8.4	.....	5.37
Fillmore	f 8.8	1.18	f 5.38
Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
Coleville	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A. Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in

Dreer's Garden Book

AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.

Call or Write *Mailed Free*

HENRY A. DREER
714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 923 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Ad. Fauble this week made a business trip to New York.

Mrs. George P. Steele, of Pittsburgh, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Calloway.

After all, what could be better than Green's soda, unless it might be two of them?

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris this week moved into their new home on West Linn Street.

Edward Miffington Valentine, the poet and author, and his bride are touring in Egypt this winter.

Miss Betty Stewart, of State College, is a house guest of Miss Lida Morris, of East Linn Street.

Bellefonte's Special Trade Days are Wednesday and Thursday, January 22 & 23—Don't forget.

Mrs. M. P. Hepburn, of Jersey Shore, is the house guest of Mrs. Louise Rush, on Spring Street.

Mrs. Bogle gave a tea on Saturday afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Norris Bogle.

There is no better blood remedy than Green's Sarsaparilla Compound—and only 1c a dose.—Advt.

Mrs. Edward P. Irvin departed on Saturday for Cherry Tree, where she is the guest of Mrs. Tomkins.

Leo Sholl last week went to Renovo, where he has secured a position in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops.

Postmaster H. H. Osman, of Port Matilda, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office a few days ago.

Jolly Ira Burkett, of Stormstown, transacted business and greeted friends in Bellefonte on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Evalina J. Wilkinson will this evening give a dinner, with covers for eight, at her home on Allegheny Street.

John VanPelt has severed his connections with the John McCoy coal yard and in the future will be connected with the S. & H. premium parlor.

Mrs. J. Mac Curtin, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte on Saturday, last, to visit a few days with her mother, Mrs. George F. Harris.

A razor, strop and hone, reduced from $2.00 to $1.00, is but one of numerous bargains offered at the inventory sale now on at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. store. Sale continues 10 days.—Advt.

Mrs. Mobley and daughter, of Beech Creek, who were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. James I. McClure, for several days, returned to their home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jennie Henry, of Martha Furnace, was in Bellefonte on Thursday evening of last week, in attendance upon the meeting of the Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

The monthly meeting of the Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held on Thursday evening of last week at the home of Mrs. Nora Shelden.

Operator H. I. Pierson, the man in the tower for the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Bellefonte, is on the sick list. F. M. Henry, of Lock Haven, is filling the job temporarily.

Mrs. Hayward Boone and children, who had been visiting for the last few months with the former's mother, Mrs. Washington Irvin, returned on Saturday, last, to their home at Lambert, Miss.

Miss Ruth Brown, who visited for a time with her sister, Mrs. C. W. Winey, has returned to her home in Freeburg, from which place she will go to Thompsontown where she will be engaged as a milliner.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider departed on Monday afternoon for Philadelphia, planning a little visit to the seashore and also with their daughter, Mrs. Charles K. Rath, at Elizabeth, N. J., before returning home.

"The Republican" begs to acknowledge a substantial greeting received from Michael Fravel, one of our greatly valued readers at Blanchard. In return it will be our pleasure to continue sending him "The Republican" during the year 1913.

Walter Stewart, of Seattle, Washington, one day last week gave his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, and his little daughter, Margaret, the nicest kind of a surprise by unexpectedly arriving here for a little visit. He brought with him a few specimens of the choice apples grown out his way.

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. inventory sale, which begins on Thursday, January 16th, and continues 10 days, will be the greatest ever held. There will be some attractive bargains in articles of use to farmers, mechanics, laborers and housewives. It will be to your interest to attend.—Advt.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gearhart, of Coatesville, returned home on Tuesday, after having visited here for a short time. Their visit was planned especially to see Mrs. Gearhart's mother, Mrs. Fox, and sister, Miss Helen Fox, before the latter departed for Newton, Kansas, at which place the marriage of Miss Fox will be solemnized on February 4th.

The stock and general equipment of the Schad plumbing shop have been removed to the new location, the rooms occupied for years by the late Wilbur F. Reeder and more recently by Dr. P. S. Fisher, in the Dr. Curtin property. Robert Morris and Paul D. Sheffer, who will establish a general store in the room vacated by Mr. Schad, will soon begin placing the stock of groceries, etc., on the shelves.

Harry Williams, who for several years was connected with The Bell Telephone Company in Bellefonte, has resigned that position to become identified with the Oliver Typewriter Co. He will engage as a salesman, with territory covering Cameron, Elk, Jefferson and a part of Clearfield County. He made many friends during his service with the Bell system, all of whom wish for him success in his new work.

What is to be known as the Bellefonte Cotillion Club was organized recently for the purpose of giving a series of five dances by the married people of Bellefonte. The first of these dances will be given in the Town Hall this (Thursday) evening. The committee on invitations consists of Mrs. John Curtin, Mrs. Charles A. Morris, Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart, Mrs. Donald S. Potter and Mrs. W. F. Reynolds.

Budd Thompson, of Martha Furnace, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

J. C. Stere, of Unionville, was a business visitor in town between trains yesterday.

Frank McFarlane, of Boalsburg, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Bellefonte's Special Trade Days are Wednesday and Thursday, January 22 & 23—Don't forget.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMullen are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine little daughter on Friday of last week.

Squire Vinton J. Beckwith, of near Port Matilda, was a business visitor in town between trains on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon, who spent a week or more in Philadelphia, returned home on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lytle, of Waddle, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a dear little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson drove down from Alto and spent Thursday of last week with friends in Bellefonte.

Clean up and disinfect your homes—Green's Pharmacy Co. have an advertisement in another column that will interest you at this time.

The strong Renovo basket ball team vs. Academy in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Saturday evening, January 18th, 8 o'clock. Good game ahead. Don't miss it.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 206, Loyal Order of Moose, on Friday evening of last week gave a very enjoyable dance in their rooms in the McClain block. Several evenings prior to that the boys had an informal sauerkraut supper.

Don't overlook the big inventory sale which begins today at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. store. An endless variety of articles will go at bargain prices. The sale continues 10 days.—Advt.

No formal announcement has been given as to what disposition will be made of the coal yard operated by the late Edward K. Rhoads. It is understood that the business will be continued under the management of the Edward K. Rhoads estate.

Mrs. Louis Friedman, daughter of the late Herman Holz, and a niece of the latter, Miss Anna Lebost, also of New York, arrived in Bellefonte last night. Dr. Friedman, who attended Mr. Holz in the last hours of his illness, arrived here today for the funeral services.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer are receiving congratulations on the birth on Sunday, last, of a little daughter. The enterprising young jeweller will no longer have any occasion to use one of the "Big Ben" alarm clocks which are exhibited these days in the display window of his store in High Street.

George E. Rider, of Gatesburg, who is a regular reader of "The Republican," favored us with a call a few days ago. His mission was to extend his subscription to "The Republican" during the year 1913. He was accompanied by M. Frank Hazel, one of the right bowers at Darius Waite's hustling establishment.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mary Adelle Harrar daughter of Mrs. E. S. Harrar of Williamsport, and James Chamberlin Furst of this place. The wedding will take place in April. They will occupy a home which Mr. Furst will erect on the lot opposite that of his mother, Mrs. A. O. Furst, on West Linn Street, ground for which was broken on Monday.

"The Neapolitans," a group of celebrated singers and instrumentalists from the sunny shores of Italy, will be the attraction at Petriken Hall on Wednesday evening, February 22, at 8.30 o'clock. They are pronounced as being among the foremost musicians now touring in the United States. They constitute a complete orchestra and chorus and are under the direction of Signor Arturo Lamberti, said to be one of the best directors of Italy. This entertainment will be the third in the Y. M. C. A. star course.

George C. Yarnell, a son of Jacob Yarnell, of Marsh Creek, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office yesterday. George is a charter member of the Bellefonte Lodge, No. 206, Loyal Order of Moose, and was one of the men employed on the recent repairs to the Court House. He is a carpenter and now is employed at Gary, Indiana, where one of the big plants of the United States Steel corporation is located. In six years Gary has grown to a city with 30,000 population. Additional industries scheduled to be established at Gary will probably double the present population in the next ten years.

E. J. Williams, of Unionville, is now on the road as a representative of the Williams Contractors Supplies Company, of Columbus, Ohio. A Williams working for a Williams is a novelty, but in this case there happen to be three persons with the name of E. J. Williams. The head of the campany is one, E. J., of Unionville, is another, and the third E. J. Williams is also a salesman. In order to avoid possible complication and confusion in transacting business the E. J. Williams from Unionville was instructed to give his full name, which is Edward John Williams, and all mail matter and other documents having anything to do with the company's business will be addressed to him in this manner.

Freemont Hile Weds.

Freemont C. Hile and Miss Edith Tate, both of Pleasant Gap, were united in marriage at the United Brethren parsonage on Thursday evening, January 9th, Rev. C. W. Winey officiating. The happy couple have a host of friends who wish them the greatest success and prosperity.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Walter E. Mann,	Howard
Edith Miller,	"
Michael Bullo,	Rush Twp
Annie Sloter,	Hawk Run
Harold Hendricks,	Blanchard
Mary E. Wagner,	"

If there is anything in the line of hardware you need at this time or are likely to need in the near future it will pay you to visit the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. store during the big inventory sale which begins today and continues 10 days. Full-lined stable blankets reduced from $2.25 to $1.75 are but one of many attractive features.—Advt.

BANQUET AT SNOW SHOE

Larry Redding Host to Group of Jolly Friends on Saturday Night.

The second annual banquet of the Snow Shoe Fish Protective Association was held at the Mountain House, at Snow Shoe, on Saturday night, last. The jolliest kind of a time was had by all present. The toasts emphasized the fact that in addition to producing good coal and good fellows, Snow Shoe can produce some rattling good after-dinner speakers.

Superintendent W. C. Snyder, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., discussed the need of protecting the forests. Davy Chambers, M. D. Kelley and Charley Watson dwelt on the importance of not eating too much, very thoughtfully waiting, however, until everybody had eaten all they could. W. G. Kissling voiced some good, sound, sensible thoughts on the protection of trout streams. George B. Uzzell was the boldest man present. He waded right in and talked about the tariff. William A. Sickel, the druggist, demonstrated right off the bat that he was a generous fellow. He invited all hands to call at his store any time and get a free bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. Dr. Edward Harris and Clarence Havens rendered some fine selections on the piano, and Martin Reese sang several very fine solos. The diners gave a unanimous vote in favor of a good appropriation by the Legislature for the protection of trout and game. They also voted unanimously in thanking "Old Eagle Eye" Larry Redding for his hospitality.

The several persons present included W. C. Snyder, Larry Redding, Dr. E. J. Harris, David Chambers, M. D. Kelley, Charles Watson, James F. Uzzell, J. Harris Hoy, William A. Sickel, George B. Uzzell, Martin Reese, Olie Morgan, W. G. Kissling, C. E. Havens, Thomas McLaughlin, Fred Vogt, James Driver and M. J. McLaughlin.

Tuition For Blind Infants.

After discussing the matter of the organization of the state school fund, which is to be under the control of the state board of education, the lattar board has made arrangements for carrying into operation the suggestions made in a recent decision from Deputy Attorney General Cunningham regarding the sources of the fund.

The matter of education of blind infants came before the board in a communication from Judge Staples, of Stroudsburg. The state board of education has been asked to consider taking care of all blind children under school age, in cases where by reason of lack of means, or other causes, the parents of such children may be unable to properly care for, maintain and educate them. A bill covering this ground will be brought before the Legislature for enactment.

Musicale at Claster's.

An innovation in Bellefonte, and one in keeping with the spirit of the larger department stores in the cities, was the musicale tendered by Claster's at their department store here on Friday night of last week. Misses Anna and Henrietta Silin, of Norwich, Pa., pianists of considerable ability, had been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Cohen, on Spring Street, and they consented to play at the musicale, which was arranged by Mr. Cohen. Miss Mary Bradley assisted. The store room was converted into a theatre for the time being and a large crowd was in attendance. All who were so fortunate as to be present were greatly pleased with the several selections rendered.

Wedded at Reformed Parsonage.

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Bellefonte Reformed church, officiated at a noon-day wedding yesterday, the contracting parties being Miss Claudia V. Snyder, of Oak Hall, and Mr. Calvin L. Stamm, of Boalsburg. The nuptial ceremony was performed in the church parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Stamm have many friends who extend congratulations and best wishes for a happily married life.

Death of Child.

Harry, the 12-years-old son of Emory Heaton, of Verona Hill, died on Friday of last week from tuberculosis. The child had been in failing health for some time. Funeral services were held on Sunday, which was his birthday anniversary, interment being made at Fairview cemetery.

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo. O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

J. F. CHENEY CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TO STUDY HISTORY

Interesting Program Arranged by Woman's Club of Bellefonte.

A very interesting program of meetings has been scheduled by the Woman's Club of Bellefonte in putting into effect the plan to establish a course of study in history. The dates of the several meetings, with the respective speakers and their subjects for discussion, follow:

Monday, January 20th—Dr. George Edward Hawes.

"THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA."

1. Europe in the 15th Century.
2. Early attempts to find the North Western route to the East.
3. Columbus.
4. Other Early Discoverers.

Tuesday, February 4th—Miss Isabella S. Hill.

"THE SETTLEMENT OF THE COLONIES."

1. Order of settlement:
   Virginia, Maryland,
   New York, The Carolinas and Georgia,
   New England, Pennsylvania and Delaware.
2. Comparison of the Colonies.

Monday, February 10—Miss Mary Miles Blanchard.

"THE GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES."
(Wilson.)

1. The form of Government in—
   Virginia, Maryland,
   New York, The Carolinas and Georgia,
   New England, Pennsylvania and Delaware.
2. Comparisons of the Governments.

Monday, February 17th.—Rev. R. M Beach.

"THE CAUSES LEADING TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR."

1. Condition in England in latter part of the 18th century.
2. The condition in the Colonies between 1763—1775.

Tuesday, March 4th.—Miss Mary Hunter Linn.

"THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY."
(Fisk)

1. State of England at Close of Revolutionary War.
2. State of Colonies at end of War.
3. Germ of Natural Sovereignty.
4. The Federal Convention.
5. First Presidential Election 1789.

Monday, March 10th.—Miss Mary Miles Blanchard.

"THE FOUNDING A FEDERAL GOVERNMENT,"
(Wilson.)

1. The Drawing up of the Constitution.
2. The Nation in its Making.
3. Critical Changes.

Monday, March 17th.—Mrs. Harry Keller.

"THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."

1. The Senate and House of Representatives.
2. The President.
3. The Judiciary.
4. The State Records.
5. Amendments of the Constitution.
6. Public Debt.
7. Ratification of Constitution.

Monday, March 24th.—Mrs. A. H Sloop.

"THE WAR OF 1812."

1. The Causes.
2. The Chief Events.
3. The Results.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Mr. F. E. Malick.

"THE CIVIL WAR."

1. The Causes.
2. The Events Leading to War.
3. The Emancipation Proclamation.
4. The Close of the War.
5. The Results of the War.
6. Present feeling between North and South.

Monday, April 14—Miss Elizabeth M. Blanchard.

"THE FACTORY SYSTEM."

1. The Industrial Resolution.
2. The Results in England and America.
3. Women in the Factory.
4. Children in the Factory
5. Possible Legislation.

Monday, April 21st.—Dr. Henry F. Whiting.

"THE TARIFF."

1. History of the Tariff.
2. Tariff for Revenue.
3. Free Trade.

Mr. Hugh Laird Curtin.

"PROTECTIVE TARIFF."

Tuesday, May 6th.—Mr. Charles McCurdy.

"THE TRUSTS."

1. Development of Trusts.
2. Their effect on Trade.
3. Their effect on Prices.
4. Government Regulation of Trusts.

Monday, May 12th.—Mr. Earl C. Musser.

"THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

1. History of the Public Schools.
2. Schools in the Cities.
3. Schools in the Country.
4. The Public Schools in Pennsylvania.
5. The Public Schools and the Votes.

Monday, May 19th.—Mr. Harry Keller.

"THE REFERENDUM AND RECALL."

1. Definition.
2. Countries and States where they have been tried.
3. Advantages.
4. Disadvantages.

Tuesday, June 3rd.—Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell.

"THE MACHINERY OF POLITICS."

1. Origin of the Political Machinery.
2. Relation to National and State Constitution.
3. Application to Local Elections.

Meetings to be held in the High School Building at 8 o'clock P. M.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

SAY PLANT IS ASSURED

Glass Works Promoters Greatly Encouraged in Canvass to Sell Stock.

The promotors of The Centre County Window Glass Company say they are more than gratified at the success they are meeting in the launching of their new industry at Bellefonte. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Richard Hurley, a general glass house contractor was in town looking over the general sites with a view to placing bids for the construction of the factory and the tank equipment. Two Pittsburgh glass house contractors and one Ohio firm have already placed their bids on the construction and equipment of the plant. The factory will be up-to-date in every respect. It will give employment to at least sixty men when once in operation.

It is understood that most of the stock necessary for the building and the proper equipment of the factory has been subscribed. There is no longer a question as to whether the factory will be a "go." The question is: Have we secured some of the stock since the plant is an assured fact? Enough money has already been paid into the proposition to give positive assurance of the success of the plant. Five salesmen are at work on the sale of the stock in different parts of the state. This alone means assured success. People in Bellefonte who are in position to take stock should no longer hold back and hesitate, hampering the new industry from rapid progress for the want of sufficient funds to go on building while the weather is favorable for outdoor work.

Bellefonte should be justly proud of its progressive citizens who have spent and are now spending their best efforts in pushing into our midst this profitable industry. Think of what a weekly payroll of eight hundred dollars will mean to this community? How many of us have fully entered into the movement of a greater Bellefonte? Have we given this movement all the enthusiasm and financial support it deserves? Think it over and let us move forward with the progress of the times.

Read "The Republican" $1 year.

TODAY

Montgomery's Semi-Annual Sale Men's and Boys' clothing starts. Read these sweeping reductions in all our clothing and there is not a style not included in them. Overcoats with Shawl Collars, Belted Backs, Plaid Backs and Silk Lined.

SUITS IN STAPLE BLACKS & SERGES

Pure Worsteds, Cheviots and fine Cassimeres

$ 7.50	For	$10	Suits	and	Overcoats
$ 9.00	"	$12	"	"	"
$11.50	"	$15	"	"	"
$13.50	"	$18	"	"	"
$15.00	"	$20	"	"	"
$16.00	"	$22	"	"	"
$18.50	"	$25	"	"	"
$20.00	"	$28	"	"	"
$22.00	"	$30	"	"	"

Trousers, Raincoats, Evening Clothes, Fur lined Coats, etc. at reduced prices.

Montgomery & Co.

Correct Attire For Man & Boy — Bellefonte, Pa.